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The Mould of Cold War

THE yawn of relief with which Washington and Paris received the news of the postponed Bermuda Conference is a sufficient explanation of the curious rumour that the Prime Minister's indisposition is "phoney". True enough, if Sir Winston were the kind of man who shudders at the prospect of constituting a minority of one, he might have taken to his bed for diplomatic reasons. But his courage is never undermined by such timid second thoughts. For six weeks, indeed, he has sustained an astonishing one-man diplomatic initiative, disregarding the Foreign Office and scarcely bothering to inform his Cabinet colleagues of what he was at. It is inconceivable that he should voluntarily surrender his personal ascendancy at the moment when success seemed so near. Indeed, the fact that he has peremptorily ordered a conference of Foreign Secretaries in Washington indicates clearly enough that the patient at Chartwell is still determined to continue the battle for a conference with the Russians in defiance of his medical advisers.

Nevertheless the prospects of that conference taking place this year are grievously diminished; and if Sir Winston is defeated, the mould of Cold War—to use Mr. Walter Lippman's telling phrase—which seemed to be shattered after the death of Stalin, will be rapidly recast and reimposed on a distracted world. For what Malenkov's peace feelers and the Prime Minister's initiative combined to reveal is that, while the peoples of Western and Eastern Europe still passionately hope for liberation from the constriction of Cold War policies, they are opposed by powerful vested interests who feel themselves acutely threatened by any prospect of peace. Syngman Rhee's open rebellion against the U.N. armistice terms has been universally condemned. But in fact he has only been constrained by force of circumstance to show his hand more openly than other beneficiaries of East-West conflict. Signor de Gasperi in Italy, Dr. Adenauer in Germany, and in France those politicians who are committed explicitly to the war in Indo-China, and implicitly to the rearmament of Western Germany, as the price for dollar aid, have all been busily at work to frustrate Sir Winston and please the United States.

Dr. Adenauer's Success

Already they can report one major success. This week the three Allied High Commissioners in Berlin reasserted a perfectly legitimate demand for free elections but gratuitously added a rider to the effect that a united Germany must be completely free to choose her own allies. Coming at this time, such a statement has an ominous significance. It means that the architects of the Western European Federation and the European Defence Community have been able to shore up these crumbling institutions, treaties and compacts against the tide of "appeasement". Everyone knows that the Little Federation is impossible unless Germany is kept divided; and conversely, that the price which the Russians are bound to extort for free elections is the exclusion of a united Germany from the Atlantic system. The three High Commissioners therefore were laying down conditions which precluded agreement with the Russians. Dr. Adenauer, whose electoral future was put in jeopardy by Sir Winston, is the main beneficiary. But the rest of the Little Federation will also be well pleased that they have done their bit to hot up the Cold War just when it seemed in danger of thawing. Now, even if the meeting with the Russians ever takes place, they can be fairly sure that the result will be a deadlock on Germany which is the pre-condition of going on with E.D.C., the Schuman Plan, and, of course, with dollar aid.

Mr. Dulles' Appalling Frankness

The European statesmen who oppose Sir Winston's initiative are genuinely interested in federation, but their master in Washington has more ambitious plans. Discussing "Little Bermuda" with the press on Tuesday, Mr. Dulles continued his practice of appalling frankness. He made not the slightest pretence that this conference of Foreign Ministers was going to discuss any peaceful response to the

Kremlin's overtures. On the contrary, he chose to give a lecture on the possibilities of liberating Eastern Europe opened up by the Berlin rising; and he lent his support to Senator Wiley's view that it would be criminal to bolster up the Russians' shattered prestige by Four-Power talks just at the moment when we had got them on the run. The American view is clear enough. When the Russians are stronger than we are, we must build up positions of strength and meanwhile refuse to negotiate. When they are weak, we must squeeze them and meanwhile refuse to negotiate. *Ergo*, no negotiations ever.

Mr. Dulles was cheerful. With Sir Winston out of the way, he feels pretty sure that the last threat of peace breaking out has been removed. But he should be careful of saying this quite so loud. The allies of America have been watching events in South Korea and drawing conclusions. No one accepts the Communist caricature which portrays the U.S. as a profiteer of Cold War; but if the British peace initiative is scotched, this view of America will spread with frightening rapidity and be exploited by Russian psychological warfare at least as effectively as the workers' rising in Berlin is being exploited by American psychological warfare.

No Light on Korea

On the Korean situation a fog of uncertainty has descended. Heavy fighting continues on the R.O.K. sector of the front; but the censorship denies information how much, if any, vital ground has been lost to the Communists. In Seoul, Mr. Robertson, the personal representative of President Eisenhower, continues his series of long daily sessions with Syngman Rhee, and still expresses hopes of arriving at "an agreement which will involve no sacrifice of principle on either side." Syngman Rhee's replacement of his militant Defence Minister by an Admiral who is believed to support an armistice, provided South Korea is given reasonable safeguards, may be an indication that the "pressure" which Mr. Robertson is credited with exercising has begun to work; but there is still no definite evidence that Syngman Rhee's attitude towards a truce has become less intransigent.

On the other side, the comments by the North Korean radio suggest that General Clark's formal reply to Marshal Kim Il-sung's letter has made an unfavourable impression. Nothing else, indeed, was to be expected. The U.N. Commander, in effect, invited the Communist Command to turn a blind eye (as it might perhaps be willing to do) to the escape of the prisoners, and to proceed with the arrangements for signing an armistice. His references, however, to the future behaviour of the South Korean Government carried diplomacy to the point of evasiveness. "Where necessary," he wrote, "the U.N. Command will, to the limits of its ability, establish military safeguards to ensure that the armistice terms are observed." What sort of safeguards? General Clark conceded that "certain provisions of the armistice agreement require the co-operation of the authorities of the Republic of Korea," but he was at pains to explain that the U.N. Military Command "does not exercise authority over the Republic." It is not clear what the Communists are expected to make of this, so long as Syngman Rhee remains dictator.

Farewell to Planning

The Treasury has always acutely disliked any arrangement that allows the Government to have economic planners, or even advisers, who are not subject to its control. With Sir Edwin Plowden's resignation from the post of Chief Planning Officer and the taking over of Mr. Robert Hall's Economic Section of the Cabinet Office, the Treasury now resumes complete control of the economic aspects of Government policy. Sir Edwin Plowden's post is to be abolished, and a Treasury official is to succeed him as chairman of the Planning Board, which still retains a shadowy existence as an inter-Departmental piece of machinery. Mr. Hall becomes Economic Adviser to the Government, but is to hold this position inside the Treasury, losing his independent status. What this means is that finance resumes its full sway, and economics take a back seat.

There is something to be said for the view that, with the balance of foreign payments promoting a continuously serious problem, the Treasury, in conjunction with the nationalised Bank of England, has to be given the last word about what is possible, as long as the direction of industrial policy remains in the hands of private business. Central economic planning makes nonsense without effective control over business behaviour. The new arrangement is therefore logical, assuming a "free economy."

This complete reversion to the pattern of Treasury control over finance, and no central planning, takes place at a moment when the British economy is temporarily out of crisis. The continued fall in import prices without a corresponding fall in export prices has eased the situation, and has concealed the fact that, in terms of quantity, exports are not doing well. Unemployment remains low because the consumer industries and retail trade have been allowed to absorb more labour, whereas the cutting of investment has led to a reduction in the numbers employed in the engineering and kindred trades. Shipbuilding prospects are bad, with orders being cancelled and few new orders coming in. Even a slight American recession or a reduction in the flow of dollars under the Mutual Security Act would at once bring exports tumbling and lead to a fresh balance of payments crisis. But for the moment things are easier: there is more money about in the hands of well-to-do people, thanks to the Budget; and the wage-demands which are the workers' natural answer to Mr. Butler's redistribution policy have not yet reached the conclusive stages.

Meat and Nutrition

Mr. Lloyd George's decision to sanction a partial de-rationing of meat has not satisfied the meat traders and seems unlikely to benefit the great majority of consumers. From Monday onwards, supplies to butchers will be increased to the equivalent of 2s. 6d. in value per registered customer; and, if they have a surplus after meeting demands on the basis of the existing 2s. 4d. ration, traders may sell it "off the ration" to any member of the public, *but only at controlled prices*. The butchers argue that there is no surplus of high-grade meat—*i.e.*, of the qualities demanded by customers who can afford to take up their full ration and more—and that they have been left with unsold meat on their hands simply because much meat (over-fat pork and ewe-mutton) is refused by the well-to-do because of its quality, and cannot be off-loaded on the working-class because of its price. What the meat traders want is complete de-rationing and an end to price control. Then, they say, by reverting to pre-war butchering methods they could increase the quantity *and the price* of prime-quality cuts, thus enabling them to sell more cheaply the low-quality cuts such as scrag-end, flanks and so on.

Whether, in a completely free market, the prices of low-quality meat would, in fact, be substantially lowered, is problematic, having regard to total prospective supplies. In any case, the overwhelming objection to the meat traders' conception is that they are really aiming at the provision of separate diets for "the two nations": the price mechanism would be used to condemn the poorer members of the community to the consumption, exclusively, of low-grade meat. The hard facts are that millions of rations are not taken up because consumers cannot afford them. After all, in a two-child family with a net income of £6-7 per week, the purchase of a week-end joint for 9s.-10s. is often an impossible proposition. Unless there is to be a substantial all-round increase in wages, only higher subsidies on meat can ensure that rations are fully taken up. To get rid of a "price-produced" surplus by de-rationing would be to throw overboard any idea, so far as proteins are concerned, of continuing to pursue a decent national nutrition policy.

Withdrawal from Burma?

Every Member of the U.N. Assembly (except the delegate from Formosa) voted for a resolution last April urging all States to refrain from helping the Kuomintang invaders in Burma. (The two members, America and Siam, which had aided Formosa, were not specified). Action on this resolution took the form of a conference in Bangkok, where the military representatives of Burma, the U.S., Siam and the Formosan administration met to find a way of sending the K.M.T. troops to Formosa. General Li Mi argued that they had no wish to leave. (He may be right, since many of them were making handsome profits from smuggling opium.) His arguments being overruled, he suggested that these 12,000 men were recruited locally, and that they would not fit into the pattern of Chiang Kai-shek's army. The Burmese delegate, though unconvinced by this argument, was prepared to accept a plan which should mean that the bulk of the trained men (armed and supplied from Formosa *via* Bangkok, with the good offices of General Chennault's airlift) may soon be on the way to Chiang Kai-shek's island fortress. The withdrawal is to be supervised by the four military representatives; and, as soon as it begins, the Burmese Government is to sanction a cease-fire. But when does the exit start?

NORTH BERKSHIRE

A Warning to Labour

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Tories cannot feel wholly satisfied with the result of the North Berks bye-election. While they can rejoice that they have increased their majority over Labour by close on a thousand votes, the sobering fact remains that the total anti-Tory vote, Labour and Liberal, has increased both proportionately and absolutely. Fewer people, in other words, voted for the Government, more against it. Moreover, Labour supporters can reasonably claim that the Liberal candidate diverted a sizable number of anti-Government votes from Labour and that, without him, the majority would have been smaller than last time. But all that accepted, it is clear that the Government has lost very little, if any, ground in the last 18 months. The best that Labour can hope is that this election may mark a check to the swing towards the Tories; certainly the figures offer less support than those of Sunderland to the advocates of a snap election.

Labour, for its part, must realise this further defeat cannot be explained away with local excuses. This time, the electoral organisation was as good as skilled improvisation could make it: the candidate was good by any standard, and unquestionably the best of the three. The unpalatable truth surely is that there seems no particular reason, outside a few special areas such as Lancashire, why the uncommitted vote should at present swing towards Labour. So much initiative has been surrendered to the Tories in Parliament that the country cannot yet discern in Labour an alternative government. The lesson of North Berks may be that, until the Labour front bench begins to look like a constructive Opposition, the political pool will continue to stagnate.

PARIS

The Outsider Wins

Our Paris Correspondent writes: When it was learned that President Auriol had called on M. Laniel to form a new Government, at least two cartoonists had the same (not very funny) idea: "Laniel in the Lions' Den." It turned out to be (as they might have known) not a lions' den but a sheep's pen. After the spectacular "investitures" of M. Reynaud and M. Mendès-France, after the comic fiasco of M. Marie and the routine failure of M. Bidault, the Assembly felt that it was high time it *did* produce a Government, and M. Laniel was just the kind of man whose negative qualities appealed to a large majority, resigned to seeing an innocuous "holiday" Government set up. One thing is certain: a month ago M. Laniel would not have had the remotest chance of being "invested." The Assembly was then genuinely in search of new solutions: nothing proved this more clearly than the 301 votes cast for Mendès-France. But the present parliamentary system made it impossible.

M. Laniel has now formed a Right-Centre Government, including, for the first time, two members of the orthodox Gaullist (or should it be called ex-orthodox ex-Gaullist?) parliamentary group, now going under the rather meaningless label of U.R.A.S. (Union Republicaine d'Action Sociale). What M. Laniel will do with his heterogeneous crew, including "Mendès-Franceites" like Edgar Faure (given the impossible job of Minister of Finance), Pleven and Bidault (more opposed than most to a settlement in Vietnam—which to Edgar Faure, is the real key to the financial problem), and two Gaullists who are more hostile than most to a liberal policy in North Africa, remains to be seen. The prevalent feeling is that Laniel, whether he wants to or not, will pursue, through the summer, a policy of *immobilisme*, with possibly a few concessions to the working-class—a tendency that would be favoured by the fairly progressive M.R.P. Minister of Labour, M. Bacon.

M. Laniel, to do him justice, is an eminently respectable man, and one who has never sought the limelight. He is 63, a member of a great dynasty of textile manufacturers in Normandy, and a good employer, practising skilfully all the virtues of old-time paternalism. The fact that Laniel was one of the 16 members of the National Resistance Council, on which he represented the Conservative "Alliance Democratique" made him more *sympathique* to the Assembly—notably to the Gaullists and to the M.R.P.—than the ex-Vichyite, M. Pinay. A good Resistance record is, indeed, a rare distinction among the "classical" Right—the backbone of the Vichy regime.

Although the Socialists voted against Laniel, one of them, M. Daniel Mayer, his Socialist colleague on the Resistance Council, said:

> Laniel is not a reactionary, he is a Conservative. He is against personal dictatorship. He was with the Resistance, not with Vichy. All of which we greatly respect. But that does not mean that he can solve France's economic problems; he can't.

Of M. Laniel's views on foreign policy very little is known, and in his official statement there is, as the French say, enough to eat and drink for everybody. Shortly we shall know—especially if there is a Bermuda Conference—whether M. Laniel will voice something of that French striving for a New Deal which was in the air throughout the past months, or whether Bidault and Pleven—the two good boys of Washington—will go on calling the tune.

WASHINGTON

Republican Recalcitrants

A Correspondent writes: Betrayed by Syngman Rhee and worried by demands for unwanted talks with the Soviet Union, the President is at last being forced to face the results of his inept political leadership at home. Because he has been unwilling or unable to play politics, and because the Republican majority in Congress is so small, he is being driven to choose between the loss of much of his legislative programme and its passage by grace of Democratic help.

This dilemma, of course, was inherent in the victory of last November, but the President has made it much worse through his archaic conception of his office and his early surrender of the initiative. Congress has only a month left of its normal Session—a period always cluttered by vital money measures—and it seems unlikely to grant Statehood to Hawaii, amend the McCarran Act, or finish off its delivery of tidelands oil to the States. Republican diehards have made trouble about the foreign aid Bill—so that the Democrats had to come to rescue the President's main proposals—and insisted on writing in unwelcome amendments both to this and to the measure extending the reciprocal trade agreements—thereby, incidentally, making it much harder for the President to get backing from the Democrats on these issues.

Five months, indeed, have sufficed to make a sorry wreck of relations between the White House and Congress, and to teach Mr. Eisenhower a few elementary facts about political life, not least that his victory over the Right-wing Republicans last summer gave them an appetite for revenge which is only whetted by appeasement. Belatedly, therefore, the President has begun to try to save what he can as this disappointing Session nears its end. Last week, the recalcitrants used their control of the House Ways and Means Committee to press their campaign for an end to the Excess Profits Tax and an early cut in income taxes. At this point the President had to act or capitulate completely—the diehards' move would have raised the estimated deficit from $5.6 billion to nearly $8 billion—and he sought to mobilise Congressional support for his policy. As he did so, his efforts emphasised again that his programme must depend on Democratic votes. Now the Democrats, who have everything to gain from such internecine fighting among their opponents, are not disposed to restore the President's freedom of manoeuvre unless he offers some substantial return. Yet Mr. Eisenhower cannot concede them any really important concessions without wholly alienating the Right of his own party and thereby being made a captive of the Democratic caucus in Congress. The sword that threatened Mr. Truman now hangs over his successor's head.

This is a humiliating position for a man who knows better how to play the role of popular hero than boss of a political machine. It also raises in the sharpest form the question that Mr. Attlee so pertinently asked at the time of the McCarthy affair. Is the President, despite his impressive appearance, the master in his own house?

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Disputed Rocks

A Correspondent in Jersey writes: The Hague Court is expected soon to issue judgment whether the Union Jack or the Tricolour shall fly over the Archipelagos of Les Minquiers and Les Ecrehous. Up to a century ago, these tiny islands, important mainly as a ground for lobster pots, were assumed to be British. Specifically, Britain had long claimed all wrecks on the island, but had done nothing to warn ships off. In 1861, a French cutter hit a rock, and fifty-one lives were lost. Thereupon, the French Government stationed, first, a lightship and, later, several warning buoys off the islands. The fact that London offered no objections led to the impression in France that Britain was no longer interested in the ownership.

In 1929, however, a French banker claimed that he had obtained in Paris a lease of Les Minquiers and began to build a house there. Outraged, the Channel Islanders moved Whitehall to protest at this intrusion, and the Quai d'Orsay ordered the banker to abandon the project. Ten years later, another Frenchman started to build—this time, a pre-fabricated house shipped from Granville. The war came; and, under German occupation, French fishermen were allowed to fish the rocks while the Channel Islanders were not.

After the war, in view of the danger of violent conflicts between Jersey fishermen and French "invaders," the British Government sought and secured by negotiation with Paris a fishing agreement which was concluded in 1949. Under this agreement the two Archipelagos were to be a "free-for-all" except that in four zones fishing was to be reserved for the subject of the "sovereign country." Britain or France? That was left for the International Court to decide. Eighteen months ago Britain presented a "memorial" to the Hague, followed by a "counter-memorial" from Paris. Subsequently, final pleas and counter-pleas were lodged, and Jersey now awaits the decision of the fifteen judges of the Court.

The Mantle of Elijah

AFTER almost a year with everything going their way, the Tories are facing a crisis. For Sir Winston Churchill's illness means more to the Government than the loss of its brightest star. Earlier, when Mr. Eden fell sick, his departure was almost unnoticed—and that although he was the recognised Crown Prince of his Party—so general was the assumption that Sir Winston, at the age of 78, could both take charge of the Foreign Office, and stick to it, till the Foreign Secretary returned. This irrational confidence was the very essence of the myth of one-man rule, so dear to Sir Winston and so valuable to the Tories.

Its destruction by Sir Winston's not unnatural collapse must tend to damage the prestige of Sir Winston himself and, in the longer run, of Mr. Eden and of their Party. Nothing could have drawn attention more sharply to the weakness of the Tories as a team. With Sir Winston *hors de combat* for an indefinite period (nobody knows how serious his "mental fatigue" may prove to be), a fairly popular Government suddenly appears as a collection of nonentities, fragmented and purposeless. Nothing, too, could have raised more urgently the question of the Tory succession.

Here comes the second significant feature of the week's events. Nobody will succeed to the Tory leadership without either a fierce internal struggle or Sir Winston's personal and public blessing; and precedent suggests that this blessing has this week been withheld with a pointedness which may not be accidental. Mr. Butler is *de facto* the senior member of the Cabinet still at work: *de jure* his position has been defined so as to give him the least possible authority. When, for instance, in January of this year the Prime Minister went for his Jamaican holiday, Mr. Eden was specifically appointed to act as Prime Minister and to preside over the Cabinet. It is true that in September, 1952, Mr. Butler "presided at Cabinet meetings" without any additional status; but that was for a few days only, during that part of Sir Winston's Riviera holiday when Mr. Eden was absent, in attendance at the Council of Europe.

The parallel is that of January, 1952, when Sir Winston and Mr. Eden were both in Washington. Lord Salisbury was then in charge at the Foreign Office "during Mr. Eden's absence," and Mr. Crookshank presided at Cabinet meetings. Thus, Mr. Butler's official status is now defined in exactly the same terms as was Mr. Crookshank's eighteen months ago. The realities of the present situation emphasise the degree of coolness which Sir Winston is now showing towards his Chancellor. For, on the earlier occasions, the Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister were separated only geographically from their desks and could have returned at once if necessary. This time, although important documents are still being shown to Sir Winston, a quick return is unlikely. Moreover, Mr. Butler has become, during the course of this Government, a powerful political figure, whereas Mr. Crookshank was never more than a puppet. To have named him as Acting Prime Minister would have been derisory; but it is denying the facts to withhold the title from Mr. Butler.

Again, Lord Salisbury's appointment as Acting Foreign Secretary is sensible enough departmentally, and according to the precedent of January, 1952. But it is highly objectionable to the Commons that the Foreign Secretary should, at this moment, be sheltered in the Lords from questions and criticism. Here, too, the Prime Minister has significantly avoided the appointment of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. (Mr. Macmillan was presumably not eligible, since he, too, is about to enter hospital.) Either of these would have been acceptable to the Commons; but either of them, by constituting a challenge—and perhaps a continuing challenge—to Mr. Eden's command of the Foreign Office might have weakened his position in the Commons and might so have played a part indirectly in strengthening Mr. Butler.

So Sir Winston's reaction to the crisis precipitated by his illness is to make what can be interpreted as a public gesture of withholding his mantle from Mr. Butler and safeguarding Mr. Eden's inheritance. Whether Mr. Eden proves, in the event, to be a runner in this particular contest, depends on his health. But even if he enters, it is no longer safe to assume that he automatically wins. Some of the bloom has been rubbed off his prestige both by his grave illness and by Sir Winston's consequential handling of the Foreign Office; while, inside his own Party, he had already lost a lot of ground by his correct handling of the Sudan Agreement. So shaky, indeed, has his position become beside that of the tough, ambitious and still physically fit Mr. Butler, that it may be doubted whether Sir Winston's backing stems entirely from a desire to see Mr. Eden at No. 10. It may include a shrewd calculation that the closing period of his own rule will be less troubled by the intimate attendance of the warm-hearted, pliable Eden, the perpetual second-fiddle, than by his colder, younger, more ruthless rival.

The long antipathy between Sir Winston and Mr. Butler lends support to this view, as does the Prime Minister's preference, manifest throughout this Government, for acting alone or on the advice of an inner circle of deferential personal friends, rather than leaning on Cabinet decisions. Certainly, if Sir Winston desires to establish Mr. Eden as his unquestioned successor, the nomination *must* be made a great deal more decisively than it has been hitherto. For it is Mr. Butler who controls the Party machine, and whose influence among Tory back-benchers has been growing in proportion to the decline of Mr. Eden's. It is true that Mr. Butler has his enemies. But the factions reputedly led by discontented industrialists like Mr. Ralph Assheton, or by Cabinet rivals like Mr. Lyttelton, amount to very little in terms of voting power, when set against Mr. Butler's Parliamentary army of middle-class Tories and the prestige of a Chancellor who is implementing Tory policy without electoral disaster.

During the Prime Minister's absence it is Mr. Butler who effectively commands the Tory troops. And when Sir Winston returns? The end of the myth that one man, a near octogenarian, can rule single-handed in a modern industrial democracy, has confronted the Tory party with a crisis which may lead to the end of other illusions. It is possible that, inside his Party, Sir Winston will never again exert quite his erstwhile decisive authority. This week's events increase the power of the Party machine over the Leader. Mr. Butler can afford to swallow any immediate sense of rebuff in the knowledge that events are moving his way.

Challenge to Britain

III.—DEVELOPMENT PLANS AND BRASS TACKS

ON page after page of the Labour Party's new draft programme one finds an insistence on the urgent need for spending a great deal of money on investment in capital goods. At the end, if one tries to add up all the commitments of this type, it is difficult not to be appalled at the magnitude of the problem. Of course, one cannot add these commitments up in figures, for the programme contains none. One can only ask in a very general way what is the *least* in terms of money or of productive resources that each proposal involves, and then try to see how big a diversion of manpower and capacity even a minimum fulfilment would require. Even this can of course be done only in a very rough way; but it seems well worth doing if it can be done at all. For it is clearly useless to plan for the impossible; and if it turns out that the programme is doing just that in its present form, the need to redraft it in terms of priorities will be clear.

In 1950 (which I take in preference to 1951 because 1951 was so vastly affected by changes in the values of stocks and in stock accumulation), what the National Income Blue Book calls "gross domestic capital formation and stock appreciation" together amounted to £2,229m. Of this, increases in stocks and their value accounted for £532m., leaving for gross fixed capital formation a sum of £1,697m. This, however, includes not only new capital investment, but also all making good of wear and tear, depreciation and obsolescence of existing capital assets. There is, unfortunately, no way of discovering how much of the gross capital formation was absorbed in this process: all we know is that provisions for depreciation took £782m. If we deduct this—which is certainly a good deal less than needs to be deducted—we get a maximum for new capital formation (apart from stocks) of £915m. This includes all forms of new investment, by public authorities as well as by joint stock companies and private businesses and persons. It is roughly 10 per cent of the total of personal expenditure on all types of consumers' goods and services, or 8 per cent of the total national product.

To what level, then, is it practicable to increase this provision for the improvement of our national capital assets? There can be no categorical answer; for what is practicable will depend on the prices of imports of foodstuffs and materials as compared with the prices fetched by the exports we send out in payment. If import prices are high in relation to export prices, more of our effort will have to go towards meeting the basic needs of our economy for imported products, and capital formation will call for more loss of

consumption. Moreover, if we are under heavy pressure to export capital goods—which command the readiest markets—in order to procure imports, it will become physically more difficult to produce the goods that are needed for investment at home.

Secondly, what it is practicable to save for investment depends on what is happening to production. Between 1945 and 1950 our total production was rising very fast; and a high rate of saving accordingly meant not a fall in consumption, but only a slowed-down increase. But during the past two years the impetus to total production has been lost. Total production was actually less in 1952 than in 1951; and total supplies of goods were lower by more than the fall in production, because of restrictions on imports. This made, and makes, it harder to save and invest; for unless production increases, any rise in investment has to come out of consumption, which has also to bear the brunt of a fall in imports. Thus, more investment necessarily means a falling standard of living unless production increases fast enough to meet the whole cost; and in practice there is bound to be a considerable time-lag, varying from case to case, before increased investment brings its rewards in higher production.

This means that, unless very great sacrifices are to be imposed on the people—much greater than they are at all likely to accept voluntarily—any big programme of additional capital investment will have to be spread over a considerable number of years; and the less urgent projects, however desirable, will have to wait until the returns on the more urgent begin to come in.

Let us now see where the new draft programme calls for increases in investment, either as an urgent contribution to the rehabilitation of the British economy or on grounds of welfare and social justice. To begin with, agricultural production is to be expanded by one-third within five years. Secondly, there is to be a great development of capacity in the steel industry (as well as in coal output), and in the engineering and chemical industries, especially in their heavy branches. Great stress is laid on expanding the production of aircraft, mining machinery, machine tools, electrical plant and equipment, and oil-refining machinery. Railways are to be re-equipped rapidly; and a start is to be made on a major plan of road development. The building industry is to be expanded in order to enable it to cope with the demand for houses, schools, hospitals and other public buildings, as well as to meet the heavy requirements of industrial building. A speeding-up of educational and health service building is envisaged. Consumer industries are to be extensively re-equipped in order to reduce costs and thus enable them to compete in world markets and meet domestic demands. A plentiful flow of capital is to be assured for private industry, wherever its expansion or re-equipment meets real needs; and this flow is to include an adequate supply of risk capital. There is also to be considerably increased expenditure on scientific and industrial research.

Nor is this all. The programme commendably lays great stress on the need to export capital for the development of the less advanced countries and for the expansion of output throughout the Commonwealth. It is emphasised that much of this investment cannot bring in early returns: so that in the short run it means a toll on the product of just those industries whose output is most urgently needed for investment at home. In order even to begin upon this process of overseas investment, in any real sense, exports must exceed what is needed to pay for current imports. In other words, in order to fulfil this part of the programme it is necessary to build up a large export surplus, and to hold down imports so as to prevent it from being absorbed by increased consumption. Finally, all this is to be done, and at the same time expenditure on armaments and on the maintenance of forces overseas is to be continued, unless the world situation changes, at the present levels. At all events, there is no hint that these costly items are to be reduced.

The thing is stark impossibility, unless indeed what is intended is to spread the available resources so thinly over all these projects as to destroy all chance of dealing effectively with any of them. Yet the draft programme, except in a general insistence that the need for capital is so great that we cannot afford to waste any of it and that its use must be carefully planned, gives no hint that there is any doubt about the compatibility of the various proposals. But clearly there is, in the sense that what can be done in respect of any one of them is dependent on what it is decided to do about all the rest. Lists of vast projects, without any indication of priorities, mean nothing—as ex-Ministers ought to know.

How much will it cost, in terms of capital investment, to expand food production by 30 per cent in five years? Capital investment in equipment and buildings for agriculture and forestry has been costing from £85m. to £90m. a year in recent years. To what is this figure to go up? Over the past five years agricultural output has risen at an average annual rate of less than 4 per cent, and the rate has been slowing down. To raise the rate of increase to 6 per cent will mean very heavy investment both in plant and stock and in land reclamation and improvement. I do not pretend to know what the cost would be, but does the Labour Party Executive know either?

Here are a few other figures of gross capital formation on buildings and equipment, averaged over the four years ended in 1951—manufacturing industries, £467m.; new housing, £325m.; transport services, £188m.; electricity, gas and water, £155m.; communication services, £44m.; education, £44m.; coal mining, £28m.; building and contracting industries, £24m.; health services, £16m. By how much is each of these to go up if the Labour Party comes back to power? Precise answers could not be expected: some indication of orders of magnitude surely could. The above are gross figures, including replacements. With the minor items added in, the total averages £1,656m. a year. What would the sum be (price changes apart) if the Labour Party came back to power? What could it be, in face of the necessity of exporting one large part of the product of the constructional industries in payment for imports, and a further considerable slice for development of sterling area and other economically backward countries? And how would the increase be apportioned among the principal claimants?

I am saying this, not because I disagree about the need for a large programme of investment—which I do not—but because I want to know, as concretely as possible, what the next Labour Government intends to do, and am acutely aware that it cannot do everything at once. It may be argued that a party programme has to deal in generalities rather than in precise quantities. But the more things of a competing sort a programme mentions, the less it means in positive commitments unless it is reasonably precise. In the present case, the opening section says that "the Plan for Britain which we outline in the following pages will involve sacrifices not only of material benefits but of many cherished habits and traditions"; and the section on the Social Services, after referring to the many things that are still to be done in that field, says that "we shall not be able to make much progress with these tasks as long as our livelihood as a nation is insecure." But the difficulty of apportioning the limited resources available between investment and consumption is not made clear. It is surely an anti-climax to suggest that the problem of planning can be faced by "overhauling the planning machinery within the Civil Service" or by "encouraging industries to set up Development Councils or similar bodies, preferably by voluntary agreement." There is no room in this article to discuss the adequacy of the proposals in the programme for further nationalisation and control—proposals which are left in most instances remarkably imprecise. The point I am making is that the investment plans can be given real meaning only by making them much more definite and by saying to which of them a considerable priority is to be given.

G. D. H. COLE

Necrophilism and the Press

ALMOST everyone in this island has spent some hours in the last fortnight reading the Christie case. Many have read six columns or so in the morning on their way to work and seven columns or more in the evening papers on their way home. A comparatively few have read the shorter versions in the more thoughtful, and therefore less widely sold journals. No one except a deliberate recluse could wholly escape this dreary and disgusting story. I should feel differently if the case had been scandalous and amusing, but neither I nor any other normal human being, I think, can find much fun in necrophilism. I can think of few ways of killing time more morbidly than in reading the dreary tale of Christie's strange pleasures. I like my time alive.

That the public should be saturated with sadism and the newspapers crammed with decayed corpses at this moment of history is more ridiculous in that few weeks of any year have offered to the press better opportunities of presenting in a most readable and exciting form the great issues of our time. Sport—which Englishmen in their hearts really prefer to murder—has never been more newsworthy. As for what are called public affairs, the electoral swing in Italy, the ferment in France and the rising of the workers in East Germany would have made this period of great historical significance even if there had been no other great events afoot. Even the Premier's withdrawal from leadership at this most critical moment was pushed off the front page of one Sunday newspaper to make room for a promise that further details of Christie's private life should be revealed when the question of appeal is settled. For years the Press Lords shouted for more newsprint. They argued that they could not, for lack of space, supply the nation with proper reports of Parliament, accounts of foreign events, or descriptions of the state of England. Now they have the newsprint and we have column after column and page after page of the origins, history, appearance, strangulations and other eccentricities of Mr. John Christie. And when these were exhausted, there were the autobiographies of the near-misses.

Let me be clear. I do not blame the press proprietors any more than I blame manufacturers of soap who sell it in the package which will be most attractive to customers. The modern press proprietor, as the saying goes, is not there for his health. He is a millionaire and usually a Peer because he had known how to feed the public appetite. Competition between the press trusts is now intense. It would be an act of remarkable self-

abnegation, scarcely imaginable in Fleet Street, for a mass-circulation newspaper deliberately to play down a big-selling news item which its hungry competitors would obviously play up. In short, we confront one of these familiar situations in which everybody does something that nobody approves because, unless everyone acts together, the individual dare not act separately.

This situation was very precisely appreciated when the House of Commons passed the 1926 Act which so effectively removed the details of divorce cases from our newspapers. Mr. Peaker, a former President of the Institute of Journalists, supported the Bill by saying that the type of reporting in certain recent cases, notably the Russell case, had "got to be stopped." He went on: "I do not like legislation; but, *agreement being impossible*, legislation has to be resorted to. Eighty per cent. of the newspaper owners are in favour of the suppression of unsavoury matter and the others are not. We hear much about the liberty of the press, but the only liberty that is in danger is the liberty to deal in filth." He added that nearly all Fleet Street appeared to be in agreement with the principles of the Bill. In short, it was a case in which legislation was necessary because a few proprietors hoped to do particularly well out of divorce reporting. Everyone would be glad if it stopped. So it proved; it was stopped, everyone, including press proprietors have gained. No one expressed himself more strongly on the subject than Lord Beaverbrook who, advertising the *Sunday Express*, said: "People want a higher view of humanity, religion, and patriotism than is offered by those newspapers which spend six days of the week collecting the garbage of the Police Courts and the Divorce Court in order to publish it on the seventh. That way may lie, of course, a big circulation."

The Act of 1926, which restricted the publication of indecent matter, followed upon certain notorious cases. As the debate showed, people had in mind particulars of the Russell divorce, the Thompson-Bywaters murder and the Hayley Morris case. Sir Ellis Hume Williams, K.C., pointed out that in reporting the Hayley Morris case the new Act would still permit the press to give all the preliminaries to the enticement of these girls and all their statements after they had left Hayley Morris's house; they would only be precluded from reporting some of the details that occurred while they were on the premises. In fact it has proved that the Bill only dealt effectively with divorce cases. Have we now reached the point at which murder trial reporting should be treated similarly?

Murder trials, of course, differ from divorce actions, which are civil disputes between private citizens. In trials for murder, life and liberty are at stake; all the resources of the State are mobilised against the accused, who, we are accustomed to believe, is entitled to derive what benefit he can from public sentiment. Great public issues may be affected by full reporting. Neither the important petition for the reprieve of Bentley, nor the revival of interest in the hanging of Timothy Evans would have occurred had the public not followed the evidence.

Here, then, is a dilemma. Can the press and the lawyers work out an acceptable way of saving us from wallowing in so much smelly muck without depriving the accused person and the public of the safeguards of full publicity? If not, I foresee that a few more cases like those of Haigh, Heath, Straffen and Christie will lead to murder trial reporting being made subject to restrictions similar to those already effectively applied in the divorce courts.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

I AM glad to see that the doubts raised by the Christie case about the justice of executing Timothy Evans three years ago have forced an official inquiry. The mere possibility that an innocent man may have been sent to his death on the evidence of the real murderer is enough to give anyone cold shivers. As I suggested last week, the case has already had important consequences. It has shockingly reminded us that no fallible—i.e., no human—institution should be trusted to make irrevocable decisions; it has emphasised once more the antiquated absurdity of the McNaghten Rules as a test of insanity, while illustrating the difficulty of replacing them by anything except a conflict of psycho-analytic theory that would drive any judge and jury to despair. The result must surely be finally to discredit capital punishment itself.

* * *

As a regular soldier with standards of discipline, General Erskine may—I hope speedily—achieve the two objects for which he was sent to Kenya. He may succeed in ending European black-and-tannery—his utterances make one hope that there will be no more Africans shot "while attempting to escape"—as well as in suppressing Mau Mau. The nearer we believe we are to the end of the fighting, the more urgent become the political and economic and racial issues which have led to the Mau Mau rebellion. First, Africans who have fought on the British side because they see the craziness of Mau Mau methods will not be any more pro-British at the end of the fighting than, say, the Burmese or Indonesians were pro-British or pro-Dutch when they got rid of the Japanese at the end of the war. They are fighting for their own people against Mau Mau. They will still be working for their own people and not for the British when Mau Mau is suppressed. Secondly, the Government has made settlement far more difficult by suppressing the Kenya African Union. In this, we understand, the Governor yielded with great reluctance to settler pressure. A new body representing African opinion must be recognised. It must be independent and free to air grievances and demand reforms; otherwise, rebellion will smoulder beneath the surface, not only in the Kikuyu, but among other East African tribes. Thirdly, much anger has been expressed in settler newspapers in Kenya because Sir Hugh Dow, Chairman of the Land Commission, had gone "outside his term of reference" in saying that nowadays in East Africa people "no longer believe in government on the basis of superiority of one race over another," and that the only hope for East Africa is in "a complete partnership of the three races." If Sir Hugh is correctly reported, he was merely repeating the gist of many public utterances by leaders of the three races. Responsible Africans and Asians have long asked for partnership. Mr. Michael Blundell, the chief settler spokesman, has used the term emphatically and repeatedly on his visits to Britain. That the *Kenya Weekly News*, which scarcely even pretends to believe in any partnership with Africans or Indians, should be angry, we well understand. What the British public awaits is proof that Mr. Blundell's promises in this country genuinely represent the intentions of an effective majority of the settlers. What "partnership" is intended?

* * *

It was surely significant of a sturdy trend in American opinion that last Sunday the *New York Times* gave pride of place in its correspondence columns to two letters frankly discussing the problem of Syngman Rhee and the Far East. The first, written by Professor Penrose, of Baltimore, argued in favour of fully recognising Communist China and expanding trade between China and the West. His very sensible proposal for the Formosan question is to resettle Chiang's troops elsewhere in Asia while the Formosans choose by plebiscite whether they want to be independent, unite with China or become a self-governing member of a Japanese Commonwealth. The other letter, written by a Korean now working at an American university, suggests that the U.S. has been far too willing to "whisper in the ears of the R.O.K. leaders," and that so long as this continues, Rhee "will continue to undermine the United States" by telling his people that "it is only the American politicians, who are being misled by Communists, who want the truce." The answer, Mr. Liem proposes, is for the U.N. command to "see that the Korean people are directly and unmistakably informed . . . why a truce is now preferable to fighting on alone." If this were done properly, Mr. Liem believes that the present "spontaneous" enthusiasm for national suicide might abate in Korea.

* * *

"Tennis," said my friend, as I left for my one afternoon at Wimbledon, "is a mechanical game. It is cricket that rivets my attention. Anything can happen any minute, and one mistake, one second's relaxation of concentration and the innings—perhaps the match—is lost." After this week's Test finish I must admit that he has the better of the argument. But I do not yield. I remember, for instance, the great American-Australian semi-final two years ago, when Sedgman and (two-handed volley) Brown were finally defeated by Schroeder and Mulloy. No cricket could have been more exciting than that match. Wimbledon on Monday, I admit, produced no comparable excitement. The Seixas-Hoad game was never really exciting, and Drobny's defeat of Davidson was primarily interesting for psychological reasons. I thought, perhaps, some of the papers exaggerated the extent to which Drobny was actually crippled. That he feared further to strain his thigh muscle was obvious. My own guess from the moment he came on to the court was not that he could not make a quick turn, but that he would not risk one. He seemed to me, very wisely, determined to save all he could for the next more important occasion. He meant to win with the minimum of effort and he succeeded. This I thought extremely hard on Davidson. How can a man play his best against an opponent who will not hurry to take any ball out of his reach?

* * *

"It was my big moment," explained Mr. Percy Hammon, when the Birmingham police asked him why, on Coronation Day, he climbed to the roof of their police station and fastened a red, white, and blue umbrella to their chimney-pot. Now it is obvious that you mustn't climb a police station, much less tie things to its chimney-pot. But, please, where is the law that says so? We have no criminal code; our statutes generalise in a notoriously slapdash way. You may look in vain for a statute saying: "No person shall, without lawful authority, mount, ascend, or scale any police station house, or affix, clamp, pinion, or tie thereto any umbrella, sunshade . . ." and so on through a category of articles *ejusdem generis*. But means had to be found of controlling Mr. Hammon, who admitted that five months ago he had tied a brush on the top of the Church of the Messiah, and four years ago an "effigy" (Santa Claus? A stork?) on the top of the children's hospital. "In September, 1951," adds a news

report—slightingly, in the passive voice—"a bucket, a broom, and an umbrella were fastened to St. Michael's Church, Handsworth." The police only charged Mr. Hammon with the affair of their chimney-pot, and they had to go back to 1360 (were there chimney-pots then?) to find something that might serve as the authority for what they did: might he not be a blemisher of the peace under the Justices of the Peace Act, 1360? He might, said the magistrate. Let him be bound over in the sum of £20 not to do it again for twelve months. Wait, therefore, for his next big moment, until July, 1954. You can't keep a good blemisher down.

* * *

The air round the tree was thick with swarming bees, it was one of those thick, floppy conifers that has at some period been lopped out of shape. We were waiting at a respectful distance for the queen to make up her mind where to settle. They had come from one of Mr. Park's hives. He stood nearby banging two bits of metal together. "Why?" I asked. He said, "The noise makes them stay at home"—an explanation I found far from complete. After a time the cloud of bees thinned out and the swarm could just be seen against the trunk of the tree between two fuzzy branches. Mr. Park dropped his gong and fetched first my fruit ladder and then a box. Wearing a cloth cap, but without veil or gloves, he climbed up into the tree, shook the angry swarm into the box, and came down and put it onto the ground. He went up again with a syringe of water. He used this to make rain over the bees that were still buzzing round. They did not like this and many of them joined the bees in the box. The job was only finished by a third climb up the tree to hang up a bunch of wet nettles. This, it seems, was too much for the bees, which all went off into the box. Mr. Park went in to his lunch. "Didn't you get stung at all?" I called out. "Not once," he replied over his shoulder. "I'd rather him than me!" said another spectator. "If I'd tried to do that I'd have been murdered with the stings; I come up in great lumps." "I always get stung when I'm handling bees," said another labourer near me. "But they never sting Bill Park. I don't know why it is. Maybe its the way he handles them, like other animals. Or perhaps they don't just like his skin. I don't know." Nor do I.

* * *

When I pass the crowd on the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields I naturally look to see which orator is in the centre. It may be the Communist, Tory or Socialist, the long-haired preacher, the Christian Philosopher, or the public entertainer. But on this occasion no speaker was to be seen. About 150 people were listening intently, leaning towards a hidden object. I worked my way to the centre. The object around which the crowd was so closely clustered was a car, in the back of which a young man and woman were eating their sandwich lunch. They, however, were not the focus of interest. Poor dears, they had not thought what they were letting themselves in for when they turned on the radio to listen to the B.B.C. description of the Test Match.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

The Bermondsey Council has sent an official letter of thanks to the Mayor of Nagasaki, Japan, for a piece of tile taken from a house near the spot where the atom bomb was dropped in 1945. It bears signs of the heat flash and is to be used in training civil defence volunteers.—*The Times.* (D. B. Butterworth.)

At the head of the queue for the public gallery was Miss —. Since 1950, Miss — has been first in the queue at Wimbledon and waited all night to see the opening day's play. She started the queue outside Old Bailey at 9 o'clock last night. After 13 hours' waiting she was first in.

Next Monday she will be queueing at Wimbledon again.—*Evening Standard.* (J. A. Roemmele.)

A man at Morden, Surrey, wants to demolish an air-raid shelter at his home.

There is nothing to stop him, the Home Office has told the local council, but "the imprudence of the action contemplated should be pointed out."—*News Chronicle* (G. M. Meger.)

In this home, the parents had no furniture whatever—except a television set in the living room. They had chopped down doors and eventually the staircase for firewood.—*Purley and Coulsdon Advertiser.* (R. B. Kemball-Cook.)

THE LAND OF RHODES

Rhodes, last of Britain's Empire-building line,
Possessed of power and driven by a dream,
Moulded South Africa to his design—
Colonial ground, with British rule supreme—
What now of his design?

He planned a government for all to share,
Briton and Boer united by consent,
A newly welded nation to be heir
To all the federated continent—
"Your hinterland is there!"

He met the native chieftains face to face,
And after fierce rebellion was suppressed,
Their savage, warlike, but not servile race
He gave enfranchisement in his bequest—
They too, should have their place.

His dream died with him and, his work undone,
South Africa is ruled by Kruger's ghost;
The Briton conquered, but the Boer has won,
His land is no imperial outpost—
A lost Dominion.

Rhodesians celebrate The Founder's fame:
A wider Northern Federation's planned
With White man's domination as its aim.
But Africans beneath their master's hand
Remember that the land that bears his name
Was Matabeleland.

SAGITTARIUS

In Berlin

As I walked up Unter den Linden I reflected how dangerous it is to be cocksure and dogmatic about the turns and twists of history. Behind me I had left the glittering column made of the captured French guns from Sedan and the huge ugly statues of Bismarck and his Prussian Generals. How supremely arrogant they looked, and so conscious that they had achieved triumph and power. The French tricolour no longer waves from the top of the column as it did in the early days after the capture of Berlin; but the French are still there and a mile away the Russian Flag is on the Brandenburg Gate. And that was something else that Bismarck and his generals did not dream of.

There was hardly a soul to be seen on Unter den Linden, and the broad highway over which had tramped so many armies was uncannily deserted. Two or three motor cars, half a dozen people on foot, and a couple of police, that was all; for the road between East and West Berlin had been closed to traffic since the disturbances of the previous week. I sat for an hour on one of the seats and watched the dribble of people who were coming over from the East and the other group waiting hopefully to go across.

Everybody was desperately anxious to be correct and polite. Some of the people who came through had obviously been allowed to come because they were ill. Their relatives were watching for them; and there were Red Cross nurses, very keen and competent at their post, and an occasional bus and ambulance. One young woman received an enthusiastic welcome. She had gone to the Russians and explained that she was to be married the next day. The Russians had checked up and had decided that this was an important engagement and that she was to be allowed a permit. She came through in triumph. Then there was a young woman with shorts and a small pack on her back, riding a bicycle, with a big Alsatian dog attached to it by a chain. The police on both sides patted the dog and there was good humour all round.

My British passport took me safely past the West and East police, and an East German soldier took me to a Russian soldier and to the Russian colonel who was in command. I showed him my passport, which had a Russian visa for a visit I had paid to the U.S.S.R. last year. He was friendly and interested. But, when I said I wanted to visit friends in East Berlin, he said it was impossible without a special permit. There was martial law, and he had to obey his orders. If I went to the British Headquarters and obtained a special diplomatic permit, it might be possible. He hoped that the restrictions would be lifted in a few days. I went back to the British sector and sat on the seat in the warm sun listening to the people talk and watching the new arrivals. Two British military police came along in their armoured car. They were on their routine patrol duty. Everybody I met in Berlin agreed that the Western military authorities had acted correctly.

I asked the British soldiers what they thought of the action that the Russians had taken. They took quite a common-sense view: "Well, what the hell could the Russian soldiers do?" They had been called in because the East German police couldn't do the job. It was an ugly situation. The Russian tanks had not opened fire at first, and, when things became more difficult, had fired over peoples' heads. They had taken drastic action only when some of the crowd had used iron bars to dig up the paving stones and were going to interfere with the tracks of the tanks. The British soldiers took a professional view of the matter, asking: "What should we have done, if it had been us?" There is no evidence at all that the Russian soldiers ran amok, shot at random or deliberately drove over women and children with their tanks. The official list of killed and wounded could not be considered very large in view of the size of the crowd. The Russians in fact did what any other military force would have done in the circumstances.

I began by remarking about the danger of being too cocksure in prophesying the course of events. If Lenin and Karl Kautsky are able to continue their fierce controversies about the German revolution in the Shades, they will have some difficulty in interpreting the Berlin uprising. And the very idea of Russian tanks being used to deal with an uprising in Berlin is enough to make Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg turn in their graves. I spent several days and nights listening to groups of Germans discussing what it all meant.

There were many theories, and quite a number of theorists doing their best to fit their facts into the theories. I heard heated assertions that this was Dr. Adenauer's attempt to repeat the tactics of the Nazis by a move similar to that of the burning of the Reichstag; and others that the East German Government had deliberately encouraged the workers of the Stalin Allee in order to prove that demonstrations were allowed

in East Germany and that the Government could bow to public opinion. While I found many agreeing that trouble-makers organised by Western agencies had come in after the demonstrations had begun, and had tried to exploit and foment them, I found little support for the official Communist line that the whole thing was the work of the American Intelligence service and their *agents provocateurs*.

Lenin wrote of the instinctive movements among the masses, and undoubtedly this was one, whatever may be said about the subsequent events. People who work in East Berlin, and who live in the West, testify to the way that high costs of living, food shortages and the driving to breaking point of the workers in the factories had resulted in strain which made the explosion of feeling on June 17 inevitable. The East German Government must have become acutely conscious of this. Hence the change of policy on a number of fronts. And the Russians are aware of it too. They must realise now that the German police cannot be relied upon in a crisis, and that any attempt to build up a loyal East German army is doomed to failure. After June 17 any realistic Russian politician must write off East Germany as a liability, not an asset. And this applies, not only to the police and the army, but to the industrial workers, whose good will and co-operation in the heavy industries and the re-armament factories are absolutely essential if the Russian Defence programme is to counter that of the West.

It is the old story. A drive for more armaments means less consumption goods, less food; and the artificially divided German economy was shaky enough already. In the big refugee clearing house in the Messe Halle I saw the graph showing how the influx of refugees went up to 50,000 a month in May. Nobody can guess what the figures for June will show when the gates are open again. On the land, collectivisation measures had not gone according to plan. Last year saw a bad harvest: there was a conflict with the authorities in the autumn as to the priorities of the harvesting of grain, beet and potatoes; and in some areas the latter crops remained in the ground and were lost in the frost.

This was the picture given me by friends who cannot possibly be described as "Western informers." Intelligent Russians can have no illusion that the population any longer regards them as liberators. No conquerors can ever really be accepted by a people whose territory they have invaded; and the longer the Russians remain in Germany, the more unpopular they are likely to become.

My own view is that the Russians are just as anxious to get out of East Germany as the East Germans are to see them out. The problem is how this is to be done. For the Russians and the East German working-class, fear of the armies and bombers of the West is genuine and strong. They dread anything like the revival of the Hitler regime and the German military machine. The greatest step towards attaining the real liberation of East Germany and East Berlin would be for us to halt our plans for German rearmament and agree to the withdrawal of all occupying armies from German soil. We must work for a policy which would lead to a united democratic Germany taking her full share in a Ten or Twenty Year Plan for the economic building up of Europe, in which the nations East of the Iron Curtain could co-operate. It is doing no useful service to the people of East Germany or Berlin merely to fan up anti-Russian hatreds or to exploit national emotions, without knowing what to do next.

EMRYS HUGHES

Federation of Central Africa

I. FACTORS FOR GOOD AND EVIL.

THE Labour Party's case against federation has been rightly justified by the fact that federation is intended to obstruct African development—to prevent the Nyasalanders (5,000 Whites, 2m. Africans) from realising a form of self-government that would be almost entirely an African affair; to delay and divert the growth of African politics in Northern Rhodesia; and to make a formal end of the honourable doctrine of the paramountcy of Native interests in the two Northern Territories.

So much becomes clear from examination on the spot. Yet it also becomes clear that the game, from the viewpoint of African development towards multi-racial democracy, is far from lost. There is a numerical difference from the Union of South Africa; and this difference is sufficiently large to count potentially for a great deal. The White-Black ratio in the Union is over one to five: in the Central African Federation it is under one to thirty. Even at the present rate of immigration (about 15,000 Whites a year into the two Rhodesias), these great territories will always have a large African majority.

The effects of this are especially noticeable in African assaults on the customary colour bar in Northern Rhodesia during past weeks. This bar has no legal sanction (as in Southern Rhodesia) although Northern Rhodesian settlers have always wanted, and most of them still want, to import one. For the moment, though, things are not all one way. African agitation caused the Northern Rhodesian Government, over a year ago, to order the removal of colour partitions in the post offices. None of the postal officials took any notice of this, and the order remained null and void. Then, early this summer, the Northern Rhodesian African Congress began to take a hand. Dixon Konkola organised a mass invasion of the "Europeans Only" section of the Broken Hill post office: result—the barrier had to be removed, for the law was on Dixon's side. This sort of thing has continued; and applause and backing from this country can greatly help and sustain it.

This is where numbers count. I was standing in a queue in the post office at Ndola the other day, an African queue about a score long. Then two or three Whites came in and tried to form a separate queue ahead of the Africans. But the Africans in the proper queue held their ground, demanded to be served first. Gradually, the Whites merged into the proper queue. They pushed into it in the middle, true enough, with ill-mannered arrogance; but they were too few to assert effectively their customary right of precedence.

Another indication of the potency of numbers—once the law gives numerical superiority the least chance to assert itself—comes dramatically out of the Carr-Saunders Report on the proposed inter-racial university for Central Africa. Of course, it's not certain that the Whites will allow this university, if it ever gets built, to be inter-racial—or else they may "fix" the entry qualifications so as to reduce the Africans to an artificially small number. Here is another of the points at which outside opinion can do good, for much money will be required from beyond the frontier of Central Africa: the American Quakers, for instance, are understood to have offered to build a hostel upon condition that the university really is inter-racial, and other philanthropists might follow suit.

Carr-Saunders and his colleagues came to the conclusion that "a college in Central Africa, which required a moderate performance in the School Certificate as its minimum entrance qualification, could expect to admit 100 [African] students a year, provided that there was an adequate system of bursaries; and that this number would increase considerably after 1957." *This* is the passage that sets the tocsin ringing in Southern Rhodesia. In all the two Rhodesias there are only two African schools preparing for the Senior Cambridge certificate: and yet . . . 100 students a year! What becomes of the belief that Africans will need "hundreds of years" before they can overtake the White man? What indeed? Last year, in Southern Rhodesia, an African girl was tactless enough to win the highest pass marks for matriculation of any pupil in Southern Rhodesia, White or Black. And Dr. Alexander Kerr, a member of the university commission, drove home the point in a note of reservation, remarking that "in these circumstances it could not be long before the number of African university students in the Territories would exceed the maximum number of European students the population could produce." Dr. Kerr, from experience in South Africa, thought that the Europeans would never allow this to happen; and that Africans would therefore do better if they were educated in a separate college.

Many Whites, probably most Whites, would prefer a separate African college. As one of them put it to me, "I couldn't have my daughter sitting in class with a majority of Africans staring at her." Besides, he added, "these Africans are crazy about education." But then there is another inconvenience, and perhaps a greater inconvenience than having one's daughter stared at (and perhaps outclassed) by Africans. A separate African college would undoubtedly become a staunch and stirring hotbed of African nationalism—after the manner of other African university colleges in other territories. So the Whites are unenviably taken between the devil and the deep blue sea; either to have a mixed university in which Africans might soon out-number them, or to suffer a separate African college devoted—as it certainly would be—to the private promotion of African self-development. In the event, the Whites will probably plump for an inter-racial university with heavy handicaps on African entry—and it is here, as I say, that outside opinion, especially in the U.K., can do a lot of good.

If and when they bring themselves to accept federation—and that is not yet—the Africans may be expected to weld their own organisations together and try to push into Southern Rhodesia the relative freedoms they now enjoy in Northern Rhodesia. They may be helped in this by the growth of manufacturing industry south of the Zambesi. Slight changes in Southern Rhodesia during the past two years include a willingness to consider the principle of African trade unionism; an official admission that Africans employed permanently in towns should have a better right of residential tenure than a tied hut and a week's notice to quit; and an acceptance of the need for Africans to join political parties. In this last respect it is worth noting that the Southern Rhodesia Labour Party—affiliated to the British Labour Party—has an African membership of about 50, and constitutes the only Socialist party in British Africa to which Africans can belong. The British Labour Party could do a great deal for the African cause in Central Africa by keeping watch and ward over this small sister in Southern Rhodesia, and, in due course, by playing

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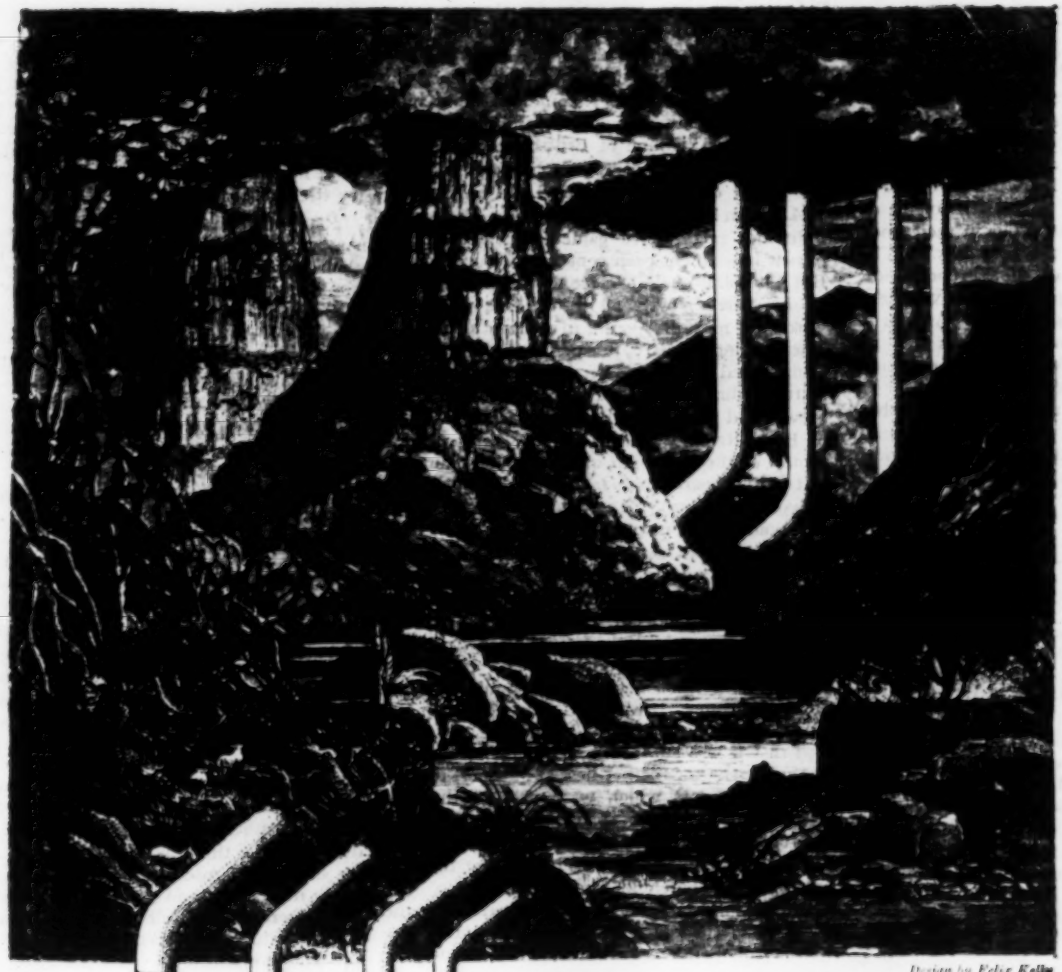

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its appropriate role in begetting another sister in Northern Rhodesia.

Fiercely, perhaps frantically, a majority of Whites in these territories will oppose this African advancement by attempting to install the Southern Rhodesian system of bars and barriers in Northern Rhodesia (and to a lesser extent in Nyasaland). These Whites are often enough as grimly racialist as anyone you will find in South Africa. The day after Coronation a shop-keeper in Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, was assuring me with wild eyes and bitter indignation that "he believed in Africans gettin' eddication, but"—with a finger stabbed towards the ground—"but over there, see? 'Im on 'is side of the line, and me on mine." He went on to tell me of an incident during the celebrations of the day before. Everybody had been out in their finery, watching the floats and the fireworks. "Then an African come walkin' on the European side." A White man standing on a vanette—a small truck—invites this straying African to climb on to the vanette so as to see better. Trustingly, the African grins and starts to get up. "Man, 'ee come up smilin.' But when 'ee starts to climb up, 'ee goes flyin' back again with a bloody nose. That was discrimination, see, but it come like that because the African, like, was on the European side of the line, see?"

In varying degree, this is the White man's mood in Central Africa. The "bloody munt" is all right so long as he stays down there, where he belongs: but just let him try to climb up level with us, and we'll fix him pretty damn quick. . . . This is what Sir Godfrey Huggins was getting at when he told an audience in Bulawayo, some months ago, that he wished to see the Rhodesias and Nyasaland as one strong British Government because of the great surge of African nationalism all over Africa. When Sir Godfrey and his voters speak of African nationalism, what they really mean is African advancement towards multi-racial democracy, towards equality of opportunity, towards political and social rights. "Southern Rhodesia," Sir Godfrey went on, "has to rescue her two northern brothers"—rescue them, that is, from the awful danger that the "bloody munt" might claim a just share in the countries where he forms an overwhelming majority.

Not all settlers suffer from these views. There is a minority which begins, however haltingly, to see the advantage of giving Africans a genuine chance of going ahead; and some of these, employers in non-mining industry and manufacturing, will certainly make their voices heard. One of the most interesting aspects of a developing capitalism in Northern Rhodesia, for example, is the recent formation by two businessmen, Captain Albert Smith and Mr. W. M. Comrie, of an assurance company designed to give Africans the benefits of life providence and group pension schemes—refused them by the existing insurance corporations. R.A.A.P.C.O.—as this new European-African assurance company is called—has two African directors and two White directors, and all four enjoy equal rights and director's fees, which is an almost revolutionary departure. They have also asked the Governor to nominate an official director who will act as an extra guard on African interests in the working of the company.

Now that federation is imposed, the battle for Central Africa is fully joined. It is a battle between a minority trying to shore up its privilege and supremacy, and a majority striving to emerge from tribal subjection into the modern world of industrial and political relations. Having failed to prevent this untimely federation, liberal opinion in Britain can still do much to protect, aid, and advance the interests of this African majority.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Rating Justice

IN the depression days of 1929, when Chamberlain was at the Ministry of Health and Churchill was pursuing his bewildered way at the Treasury, the Derating Acts were passed. Productive industry was relieved of three-quarters of its rates, and agriculture was relieved of all its rates. It was hoped that the £24 million a year lost by local authorities, but gained by industry and agriculture, would, in Churchill's phrase, "impart a vigorous impulse to the efficiency and volume of British production."

It is possible that some effect might have been felt in the depressed areas had the bulk of the £24 million been allotted to their aid. The weaker industries might have gained had £24 million of new investment been concentrated upon them. But Churchill made it clear that the benefit was to be spread over all productive industries "from the most prosperous to the most suffering." The brewing industry, prosperous even in depression, gained in relief more than the hard-pressed textile industries. A brewer, a genuine Tory brewer and Member of Parliament, Col. Gretton, of Bass, Ratcliffe and Gretton, was moved to protest at the profusion of gifts which Churchill laid on the board-room table. "I am not going to vote," he said, "that we should have our rates paid by the taxpayer."

Within a year, despite the return of a Labour Government which had opposed the measure, the Derating Acts had been implemented and their effect could be judged. There was a high tide of legal action whilst the courts tried to decide which industry was productive, and entitled to derating, and which was not, and should continue to pay full rates. It was soon recognised that the manoeuvre had failed to relieve industrial distress and that it was subsidising technical inefficiency at the expense of the neediest authorities, despite the block grants which were paid to them as compensation. Like so many Tory financial strategems, what had been advocated as stimulant towards national endeavour turned out to be a cash gift to shareholders.

In Britain, institutions established upon the basis of one set of arguments often outlive the validity of their original justification and acquire an armament of new defensive argument. So it has been with derating. Even if there had been justification for the belief that derating would give industry the lift which was needed after several years of Churchill at the Exchequer, no one can pretend that conditions are the same after twenty months of Butler. So a new set of arguments will now be heard in defence of a system which is today worth much more than the original £24 million to industrialists.

First, it will be argued that, by 1929, rating based upon traditional methods had become a heavy burden on industry and that some relief was warranted. But this is very special pleading on the part of one section of the ratepayers—I, as a domestic ratepayer, find the rates a heavy burden, and so does everyone else. It will then be argued that rate expenditure provides services which benefit individuals, and that the benefits received by manufacturing industry are relatively small. If this argument is accepted it is, of course, an argument also that industry be relieved of profits tax and income tax to the extent that the revenue from these taxes goes to pay old age pensions. It will be argued that a factory, unlike a house, is not necessarily a sign of ability to pay. While it may be true that a factory is not a sign of ability to pay, it is untrue to suggest that a house is. Finally it will be argued that an increase in rates revenue consequent upon the payment of full rates by industry would lead to a reassessment of equalisation grants. Why not?

The case for the repeal of derating seems to be very strong. So, also, is the case for the derating of site values so that a charge can be levied on increases in the value of land due to the presence and activities of a prosperous community. The case here has become even more cogent since the abolition of development charges. In *Challenge to Britain* the Labour Party declares for abolition of derating and promises the possibility of action on site values. The post-war Labour Governments took steps to spread the burden more fairly between the rich and poor communities by the equalisation grants.

Rates are based, roughly speaking, on rents. As poorer families spend a higher proportion of their income on rent than do the wealthy, they automatically pay a higher fraction of their income in rates. So the rates fall more heavily on the poor than on the rich. For the same reason rates are a bigger drain on the larger families, which have to pay larger rents and rates for larger houses, than on the smaller families in smaller houses. Rates, too, are unfair as between one householder and another. Despite the elaborate systems of assessment, final valuation is too often the administrative decision of a relatively junior official. Arising from this, and from the application of different standards of assessment by different authorities, there are often startling differences in rates between one area and another.

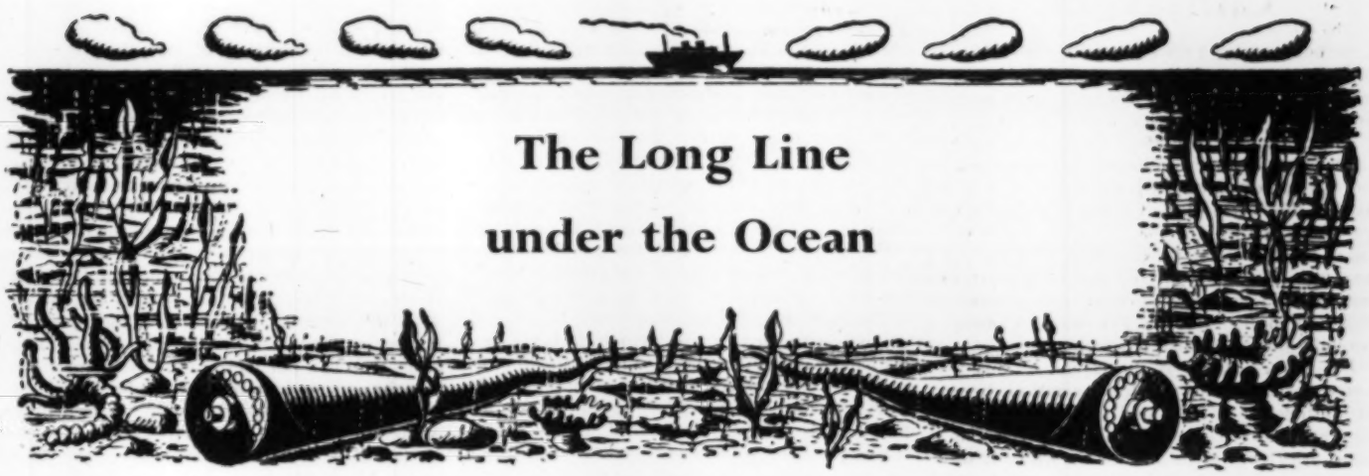
The policy now is to impose national standards of valuation, applied by the Inland Revenue, in place of local standards inefficiently applied by local committees. The first attempt, made by the Labour Government, has, however, run into the tangles of administrative difficulty. The method to be applied to dwellings, for example, produced a striking example. First, the 1938 building cost was to be calculated by the categorisation of each dwelling into one of six standards of quality, plus a further calculation of the area of the dwelling. To this was to be added an allowance for site value. Add again a further five per cent of the total so far, and that was the rateable value. The interesting result was that two officers could produce a difference in rateable value for the same house of up to fifty per cent.

Staff difficulties were another snag. The revaluation, which should have been completed by 1952, was postponed to 1953. Then it was decided to concentrate the staff on property other than dwellings. Then it was decided to aim at completion by 1956—so Parliament not unwisely passed an Act extending the procedure until 1958. And now the Tory Government has introduced another formula which, more or less, takes us back to 1939. Surely the time has now come to abandon this tortuous, involved attempt to base local government finance upon the size, shape, quality and location of a man's domicile.

In Britain, as in many other countries, ability to pay should be assessed on the only fair test, that of income. I do not propose that local authorities should duplicate the work of the Inland Revenue, nor that all local expenditure should be met from national revenue. But I see no reason why a rating authority should not be given the income-tax code numbers of the residents within its area and should, by some simple formula, assess rate demands upon this or some similar basis. This would assure that those best able to pay did in fact pay most, and would thus embody in our rating system the principles of equity enshrined in the income-tax system.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

WORDS ROUND THE WORLD



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Festival in the Camargue

THE house where I stayed in Les-Saintes-Maries de la Mer was owned by a retired lighthouse-keeper and his wife. I slept in a room with a stone floor, a disused oven, and a bedstead like a relic from the Crusades. On my first night I got out of bed to visit the vintage lavatory and met a scorpion having a late supper off a cockroach. But I was glad to be there. The village was suffocated with people, and many were sleeping in the church, on the sea-shore, or in the railway waiting-room. On the day of the procession of the Saintes-Maries, there were a hundred thousand in the streets. The whole Camargue normally holds less than ten thousand.

Les-Saintes-Maries is the capital of this flat, bitter, baked country which lies south of the soft blandishments of Arles and extends to the two mouths of the Rhône. It is picked clean as a bone; wiry with reeds and glazed with the dead eyes of ponds, seduced by man into small areas of rice-fields, but indifferent, turned inwards to the mystery of bulls, wild horses, egrets, flamingoes and eagles. At sunset the horizon becomes endless, and you can hear the heart of the Camargue beat; lonely, timeless and lost. It claims you; it is dangerous to listen.

The centre of Les-Saintes-Maries, and therefore of the Camargue, is the church, a fortress, mailed fist raised above the village, stark, windowless, as bleak as the Camargue itself. For centuries it has scanned the sea for invaders, its bells have pealed alarms, soldiers have manned the battlements. And in this church, say believers, lie the remains of Mary Jacobé, sister of the Virgin Mary, of Mary Salomé, and of Sarah, their maidservant, who landed here by boat after the Crucifixion. Cynics may say that the legend arose from the remains of a Roman monument erected to a tribune, Marius (TRI MARIUS ran the inscription: Mary Magdalen was also included in the party). But the Catholic Church in the fifteenth century ordered an investigation, and discovered the headless remains of the Saintes-Maries, then the heads. *Ils répandaient une très bonne odeur (valde bonum odorem perfundebant)*. Since that time the cult of the Maries was established, at first loosely, then bound to the exact feast days of their martyrdom, May 24, October 22. Miracles were produced—the miracles which had slept so long in the dreams of the Camarguais. And there was more to it than that. There was Sarah. Since the eleventh century the gypsies of Europe had appropriated her as their patron saint. When the relics were found in 1448, Les-Saintes-Maries became their spiritual home.

When I arrived in Les-Saintes-Maries on Saturday, May 23, the gypsies were taking over the place. Proudly, in front of the town hall, they formed their casual parliament, brought out guitars, shivered the air with the sweet sorrow of the *malagueñas*, danced and sang the songs of the Western world, from the Seine and Rhine to the silver banks of the Guadalquivir. For Les-Saintes-Maries is their song-market, where they trade words and music. Upright, they walked the streets, drank at the *cafés* and greeted old friends with the assurance of those who have returned home. No begging, no tricks, no cringing; their children, Egyptian angels, had the liberty of the streets. They had caravan encampments scattered all over the village, motor-driven (I only saw one horse) and many of them appeared luxurious. Sometimes it was only an exaggerated swagger, an uncertain, temporary arrogance, that betrayed the true *gitano* beneath the expensive sun-glasses, floral sports shirts and gabardine trousers. In the middle of one of the encampments I found the gypsy sisterhood of the *Petites Sœurs de Jésu du Père de Foucauld*. These sisters live the life of the gypsies and have a small, austere chapel in their caravan.

On Sunday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, vespers were sung in the church. After the Magnificat, suddenly, up above the altar, the window in the high chapel opened, and we could see the sacred coffer housing Jacobé and Salomé. There was a rustle and a sobbing sigh among the people, and then they shouted, "*Vivent les Saintes Maries!*" The shouting echoed through the stark, stripped church, and the candles in the hands of the pilgrims flared and gutted. Slowly the coffer was let down on to the ground in front of the altar, the ropes garlanded with flowers. A paralytic struggled to rise from his wheel-chair, his hand wildly upstretched to touch the flowers, and the people surged fowards, climbing the steps from the nave. The coffer was all desire, all hope, hands struggled to touch it, lips to kiss it, it was showered with flowers and tears. Outside the west door a space was cleared in the vast, expectant crowd; and the *gardiens* rode up on their white horses to lead the procession of St. Sarah to the sea.

This was now the hour of the gypsies, and the Camargue gave it to them. You may see gypsies in many moods, but you will never see them like this except at the procession of St. Sarah. Marching behind the *gardiens* (those on the outside had their hands linked to keep away *les sales touristes*) they follow the idol of their dusky saint towards the dunes. The procession is like a river with shores of spectators, an infinity of sportive hats, cine-cameras, and fashionable scarves. But here the gypsies curse the make-believe vagabonds from Cote d'Azur hotels. "Take off your hats, blast you. This is Saint Sarah. Take that cigarette out of your bloody mouth." It is a fanatical moment; a slight irreverence could start a tumult. I saw an old gypsy raise his stick to a red-faced holiday-maker who had hesitated to remove his cap. "You filthy bastard," he shouted, "I'll smash your brains in." The holiday-maker, amazed, doffed his cap. He didn't understand. Surely this was a *fête*, this was a spectacle, *il faut qu'on s'amuse, quoi?* I heard another gypsy shout to his friend: "These rich *salauds* look down on us all the year round, and yet they haven't the imagination of pigs." On went the procession, and the gypsies sang to their Sarah "*Nostro Santo Saro—que fai gau de n'en parla,*" until they came to the sea, where the statue was put into a boat, the *gardiens* rode out into the waves, and the crowds followed them: "*Saro, siés réino d'un pople. Gardo valerous e noble aqueu pople di Boumien.*"

In the church, next morning, before the procession of Mary Salomé and Mary Jacobé to the sea, Mass was being said. An old lady had had her arms around the coffer all night. A thicket of hands pressed forwards, and there was a tussle over the flowers. In the underground chapel of Sarah, a forest fire of candles blazed in the night of Egypt. Sarah stood there, small and dusky in her robes, and the gypsy mothers presented their children. They threw their arms around her face and kissed her on the mouth. On her robes were pinned trinkets and photographs, and there were offerings all around her.

In the procession to the sea, the gypsies and the *gardiens* again took charge. Again they cried "*Enlève ton chapeau, voyou!*" to plump sybarites from Monte Carlo and businessmen from Lyons on a spree with their secretaries. By now the fête had properly opened. Two loudspeakers battled with each other, one relaying the service in the church, the other an endless succession of music-hall songs. A woman raffled geese at the top of her voice, rival stalls yelled oysters and mussels. In the streets near the church it was hardly possible to move. Yet in the corners there was a medieval retinue of side shows, somersaulting monkeys, fortune-tellers, a blind piper, and an old white-haired man who played the concertina, surrounded by five small wise dogs holding caps in their mouths. And long after the relics had been put back in the high chapel, and the sun had set, the gypsies formed circles and danced the moon into the sky.

Next day there was a fête out in the Camargue at the Cabane Aubanel—lunch for as many guests as turned up, including the *gardiens*, and an hour of songs and speeches. The king of the gypsies, Titi, was present. There was a long poem in homage to the bull Vovo, the idol of the Camarguais, who had put more *razeteurs* (fighters who take the cockade from between the bull's horns) in hospital than any other cow or bull between Aigues Mortes and Lunel. His prize money was astronomical. This was followed by a visit to the arena. About fifteen *razeteurs* pitted themselves against a dull, rotund bull, and no harm was done to anybody, alas. This was followed by *jeux provençaux*, traditional games which had been revived by the late Marquis de Baroncelli, a legendary figure in the Camargue. The games are played on horseback. The scarves, the oranges, the bouquets, and the kiss. There were five cavaliers in the games I saw. Their five ladies stood in the arena holding out oranges, scarves and bouquets. The oranges were plucked from the hand at the gallop and thrown to the spectators. The scarves were fastened to the cavalier's arms, and each in turn had to defend his scarf from an adversary. The same applied to the bouquet.

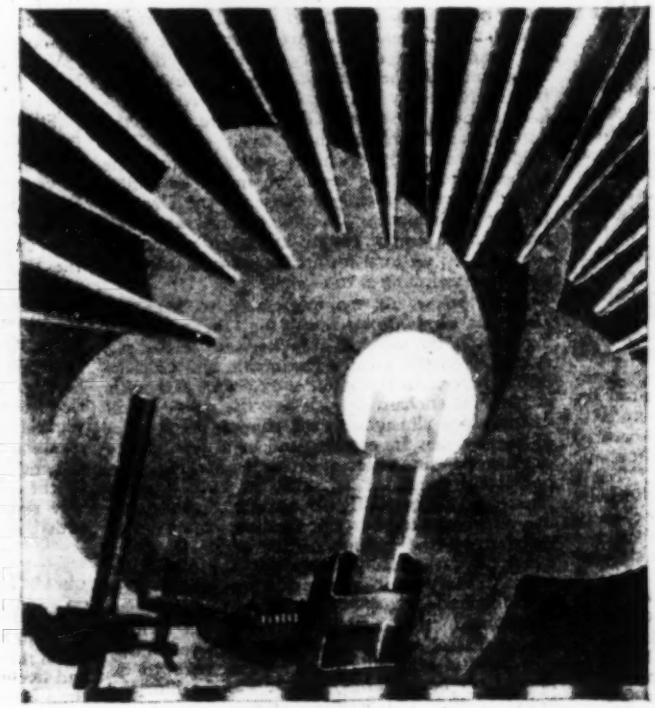
Late that evening I called at a friend's house for dinner. Behind it lay one of the *étangs*. I heard a peculiar squawking, and tip-toed down to the swamp. Before me, in the saffron light of the drowned sun, a few hundred flamingoes picked their delicate way through the water. They were as white as doves wounded in the breasts with rose. The flat earth ran to an enormous sky. *Gardo valerous e noble aqueu pople di Boumien.*

ANTHONY CARSON

BLACK BOY IN A NEW WORLD

Early in the morning,
Just as the sun was rising,
I heard a nigger singing
At the standpipe below:
The heart's an ancient warrior,
Fought with Chaka
And with Charlemagne,
Bled it's scarlet out
Upon the Moscow snow.
It has gathered all the flowers,
In its off-duty hours,
Dropped by the ladies
Who came down from the château;
All the high-born ladies
Walking in the morning
Pressing down the dew-grass
On the lawn where fountains flow.
The heart has seen the angel,
Purple in the glass,
Weeping all the tears
That God allows to pass.
And if you take a tom-tom,
And gods from out the forest
Grinning through their masks
At the ladies below:
Then you get the sediment
That made our bloody continent,
The continent, the continent,
I've tickled with my hoe.

JOHN HEARNE



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The Arts and Entertainment

THE SECOND ARIADNE

SOMETHING wonderful is to be seen and heard this summer at Glyndebourne, something which no lover of opera will wish to miss. This is Mme Sena Jurinac's impersonation of the Composer in the revised version of *Ariadne auf Naxos*. From her first agitated entry, Mme Jurinac gave us precisely the pale, dark-eyed boy of genius imagined by Hofmannsthal (perhaps with a backward glance at his own brilliant adolescence) and endowed by Strauss with impulsive, tenderly soaring music. How clearly she shaped the phrases on that stream of pure, sweet, strong soprano tone! How human she was throughout the action, how touchingly sincere and direct, whether haunted by a fragment of melody and desperately anxious to get it down on paper, indignant at the impending ruin of *Ariadne*, naively distressed, or yielding, starry-eyed, to the good-natured consolations of Zerbinetta. After her final ecstatic outburst, "Musik ist eine heilige Kunst," rising to a radiant B flat, the audience could hardly bear to think that no more was to be seen or heard, that evening, of Mme Jurinac, and called her again and again before the curtain. Such singing, such art, is now rare.

Ariadne might be called the *Così fan tutte* among Strauss operas, and is for that reason ideally suited to Glyndebourne. Like *Così*, it has been long neglected and may end by becoming the musician's favourite. Both operas offer glimpses of ideal beauty in a playful framework; in both, farce trembles on the edge of tears; both are a treasury of exquisite contrivances. While *Rosenkavalier* and *Figaro* are robust enough to withstand rough treatment, *Ariadne* and *Così* are hot-house flowers and easily wilt. In one respect, *Ariadne* is even more fortunate than *Così* at Glyndebourne: it enjoys a beautiful and ideally appropriate setting by Oliver Messel. Carl Ebert's production is one of his finest achievements: in the difficult Prologue every point is made clear to an audience largely ignorant of German, and this is done quite without exaggeration or crudity. The only flaw in the evening is the attempt to make the best of both versions by playing the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* music first, in a dark theatre, with the curtain raised on an empty twilit stage. This made an unhappy opening, partly because the orchestra played the seductive music in a flat-footed style, but mainly because, as the Dancing Master would put it, "nothing is more tasteless" than a dark, empty room: after ten minutes of staring at it, we long for a change—and there are twenty more minutes to come!

Nevertheless, it was interesting to hear the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* music and the new Prologue side by side, if only because it focused attention on the greater distinction and delicacy of the latter. In the *Ariadne* Prologue Strauss is at his most enchantingly clever: the music is full of ingenious allusions to the coming *opera seria*, of fleeting new inventions, and of a quality rare in his work—fine taste. It is true, as Mr. Newman has lately reminded us, that in 1913 Strauss insisted to Hofmannsthal that the second *Ariadne* was a mere makeshift. But that was only his first reaction on the receipt of the text. In 1916, when he was actually composing the music, he wrote to the poet in a very different strain. The light-fingered, transparent style of the Prologue represented the anti-Wagnerian path which Hofmannsthal was always urging him to follow, and Strauss realised (though there were to be many later backslidings) that it was for him the better path. Furthermore, the crucial scene between the Composer and Zerbinetta had turned out, as he saw, "among my very best inspirations." It is questionable, to say the least, whether those who happen to prefer *Ariadne* in its cumbrous original form are justified in claiming the authority of the composer on their side.

In the Prologue and in the opera proper, John Pritchard and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra largely recovered their form. Yet this is among the most elusive of scores, and in the slight orchestral texture there are more beautiful strands than were always clearly perceptible. The singers were uniformly good, with the exception of the trio of Nymphs, who pecked nervously at their very difficult music. In the taxing role of Zerbinetta, Mattiwilda Dobbs deserved her success; though her scales were less exact, she conveyed more of the character than her Edinburgh predecessor. Dorothy Dow, the Ariadne, is a most intelligent and likeable artist, whose voice is finely controlled except for a quick flutter in the tone which leads to hardness under pressure. Richard Lewis made a more graceful and airy Bacchus than most exponents of the part and avoided the usual impression of Wagnerian girth. First-rate performances came from Murray Dickie, Sesto Bruscantini and many others. But it is Sena Jurinac whom we shall always remember, searching distractedly in her pocket for a pencil while her voice streams up to A on the phrase: "o du Knabe, du Kind, o du mächtiger Gott!"

The Italian season at Covent Garden has consisted of Mmes Callas and Simionato, with assorted male singers, in *Norma*, *Aida* and *Il Trovatore*. The best of these was *Norma*, an improvement on last year's revival, in which Mirto Picchi repeated his admirable Pollio and Callas found a more plausible rival in Simionato; not only was their big duet sung in the proper key, but Mme Callas astonished the house by delivering "Casta Diva" in G instead of the customary F. I have always regarded its appearance in G in the old Boosey scores as an English aberration; but, whatever the justification for Mme Callas's choice she sang the piece better in the higher key—more clearly and forwardly in the opening phrases—than she had sung it last year in the lower. Immensely popular with the public, she has become a bone of contention among the cognoscenti. Her faults as a vocalist are evident; so, surely, are her great virtues. She was at her worst in *Aida*, gulping through "Ritorna vincitor," very unsteady at the climax of "O patria mia," and hardly attaining beauty before "Là, tra foreste vergini" and "Vedi, di morte l'angelo"—which is really too late. As a rule, however, her sense of line is superb; and, despite some harsh passages, the public was right to give her an ovation after her fourth act aria in *Il Trovatore*, for Italian soprano singing of this calibre has not been heard at Covent Garden since the best days of Eva Turner. Simionato also has an uncomfortable vocal patch (cruelly exposed in "Stride la vampa"); but her fine stage presence, her attractive personality, the haunting quality of her low notes and the sudden brilliance of her top (she has a startling C) have combined to make her a great favourite. Giulio Neri proved disappointing in bass roles; Kurt Baum made an efficient, if unglamorous, Radames; and James Johnston looked in from Sadler's Wells to waltz through the part of Manrico with his charming light tenor, some of the vaguest Italian ever heard and a seeming disinclination to bother his head over trifles. For this offhand attitude he could plead some justification in the absurd staging of the two final scenes. The second and fourth acts of *Aida*, it may be added, are very nearly as bad.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

OLD AND NEW

THE Arts Theatre Club are to be warmly congratulated on their current revival. I do not mean their revival of *Arms and the Man*—amusing and lively though that is. I mean their revival of the one-act play, a revival so out of the fashion that it has the novelty of an experiment. A programme note tells us that Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's *The Bespoke Overcoat* came into the management's hands after *Arms and the Man* had been put into rehearsal and that they liked the play so much that they decided to present it straight away. An admirable and unusual decision, of the kind which only a theatre like the Arts can make and of a kind, too, which it should exist to make. As a form the one-acter has been unjustly relegated to the amateurs. It might be an admirable thing for the theatre if its prestige were re-established. For this might be yet another way of tempting the professional writer into the theatre.

This has happened in the case of Mr. Mankowitz. His play is a little out of shape, goes on perhaps a shade too long, but we can forgive this much more easily in a short piece; and, anyhow, it is warmly human and distinctly dramatic. It is a Jewish play: its characters are a tailor, an old clerk who loses his job just as he is to become the proud owner (by "deferred payments") of a grand new overcoat, and the fat young smart-alec who sacks him. The form is something between Saroyan and Wilder, giving a freedom which restores not only the rapidity of scene change but also devices like the monologue and the aside, riches of which the well-made play tradition has so long starved us (even our poetic dramatists do not go as far as them). Out of this material Mr. Mankowitz makes a brief story, outrageously sentimental, but touching, too, and sharp at points. He gives his actors, Mr. David Kossoff and Mr. Alfie Bass, splendid chances for sentimental comedy, and admirably they take them. Altogether a first venture of considerable achievement.

Arms and the Man, which preceded it, is one of the best of Shaw's Edwardian comedies. In the ordinary course of things I would expect that Shaw would now be passing into that temporary eclipse which seems to be the fate of most great writers shortly after their deaths, an eclipse from which they are rescued and re-discovered twenty or thirty years on. Consequently I was surprised to find how well *Arms and the Man* stood up. If it has scarcely dated, that is partly because the attitude it is attacking is by no means dead. (This attitude is not, of course, the glamorisation of

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war, but Romanticism as such.) But added to that the comic invention with which the attack is delivered remains extraordinarily brilliant. The time may be coming when Romanticism is no longer a prevalent vice, just as the time has already come when Hypocrisy, for example, is not. Yet if Molière's *Tartuffe* still has life in it, *Arms and the Man* is likely to survive on the same sort of terms. Mr. Alec Clunes, heading and directing a workmanlike cast, demonstrates that the comic bite is still sharp.

One of the mysteries about Shaw is why he has had so small an influence on English playwrights—or, to put it the other way round, why younger playwrights haven't the sense to borrow and learn from him. If only Mr. William Douglas Home, in tackling the subject of his choice in *The Bad Samaritan*, had leaned more on Shaw, how much better his play might have been. As it is, it is just the kind of play that G.B.S., the dramatic critic, was making mincemeat of back in the Nineties. The prevailing idea would seem to be that to be a decent fellow it is not necessary to be a practising Christian, and indeed that an ordinary not very pleasant young stockbroker may act more decently than the professionally good. To establish this unexceptionable proposition Mr. Home falls back on every cliché that has cluttered up the drama since the nineteenth century or before. He makes his irreverent young stockbroker the son of an Anglican Dean. He gives him for a younger brother an intensely religious young candidate for the priesthood, and provides this young zealot with a seductress to get a child by. All this in order that the bad elder brother may be able to make an honest woman of her while the young zealot goes off to Rome to join the Catholic Church.

Is it possible that this pottage of stock situations and stock characters can really be served up in the English theatre in 1953? Not only served up, but apparently even enjoyed—for Mr. Home works his poor old decaying situations with a skill which deserves better material. And he knows better. His prison play, *Nine Barabbas*, because some observation of life had gone into it, was fresh and alive. *The Bad Samaritan* is as far from any actual smell of life as it well could be. It is a series of dead echoes which only won't lie down because two highly skilled professional actors, Mr. Michael Denison and Mr. George Relph, won't let it. There are also two touching young people in Miss Virginia McKenna, who has come on immensely since *The River Line*, and Mr. Ronald Lewis, of whom I shall be very surprised if we don't hear a lot more in the future.

T. C. WORSLEY

PUBLIC SCULPTURE

PUBLIC sculpture cannot be contrived. There can be no true tradition of public sculpture without a public demand. But this demand will always be indirect. It will not be for sculpture for Art's sake, but for works which begin to express some aspect of a "lay" public feeling about particular places. One of the great illusions of our time is that culture can be either guarded or self-consciously created. Cultural achievements are a by-product: the by-product of a people's general aims, interests and values.

The more I think about the definitions and problems relevant to the position of the artist today, the more convinced I become that they cannot be resolved in terms of art. These terms are based on our preoccupation with the great art of the past. Consequently, when we argue and perceive only within these limits, we become the victims of an inferiority complex which leads to eclecticism, precious defensiveness, and, in extreme cases, to an attempt to break out of and destroy the whole purpose and function of art. The only way out of our predicament—and I am well aware of the dangers of artiness-and-craftiness—is that we again consider that the duty of an artist is to carry out a particular job as well as he can: not, as happens today, to give us the key of the universe. The genius and the masterpiece can look after themselves. What we should

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be concerned with is aptness, tact and efficiency.

These generalisations are prompted by three recently unveiled public sculptures: Henry Moore's at the Time and Life building in Bond Street, Charles Wheeler's on the new Ministry of Works, Whitehall, and Jacob Epstein's on the Catholic convent in Cavendish Square. Crudely speaking, Moore's is too highbrow, and Wheeler's too vulgar. But in fact, the final reason for both their failures is the same: both imply a greater interest in "Culture" (one in the eclectic arrangement of personal poetic-sculptural associations, and the other in a debased concept of monumental dignity) than in what they might appropriately "say" in the actual situations for which they were commissioned. Conversely, the Epstein succeeds just because—and unlike some of his earlier works—it is an intelligent, humble attempt to express something appropriate to its context.

Nor is this just a question of content. It is a question of the artist's (or commissioner's) whole approach to the problem. Thus it affects the formal relationship of the works to their surroundings as much as their subject matter.

Moore's new work consists of a screen of carved abstract, negroid-machine monoliths set into the outside wall of the building (the whole building is a marvellous example of the commercial sham to which culture-mongering paradoxically leads) and a reclining bronze figure on a terrace. The screen is a positive failure. From the inside it obstructs one's view of the street without offering any self-sufficient sculptural consolation—the shapes are boringly inflated in scale—whilst from the street level the silhouette of the blocks is only effective from one point; as soon as one's line of vision becomes oblique, the cut-out segments of sky get hidden. The figure is a partial failure. From the back the structural beauty of the trunk receding between the supporting arms is undeniable. But as one walks round and becomes more conscious of the figure as a woman and a possible symbol, its total lack of any emotional directive destroys its effect. Her pose, despite her impassive calm, seems undignified; she is neither relaxed nor in the act of getting up, but between the two—as though reluctant to continue sitting in a puddle.

The "classic" treatment of the complicated unformalised folds of her dress is, I think, a new feature in Moore's development. But again there is a lack of any consistent directive; the draperies serve as a naturalistic shroud over dead formalism. Where the folds are slight in depth, they look like weals, scars from a flogging, and where they are deep, they look as if lava has flowed over and encrusted once simple and sheer forms. Only where the dress loops round her knees and is pressed against her breasts is there any tension between thrust and surface gesture. The hollow under her left ribs is also disconcerting, suggesting, especially in contrast to the mighty fullness of her shoulders, a wound—for the hand of the doubting!

The two huge male and female nudes by Wheeler—a toenail as big as a fist—represent two of the four elements. Facetiously they are perhaps appropriate to their site, for, perched on their high plinths, they could represent the sedentary gods of bureaucracy, just human paperweights on stacks of triplicated forms. From the third floor a Gargantuan buttock, calf, or genteelly vague genital "lump," give one some idea of their weight and scale. From the entrance-way which they flank, they appear flat, and monumental only in their triviality. The reasons for this are simple. They are totally unrelated to the building on which, inhuman and boring as it is, they might have created a focal point. They make no use of the light—their forms are structurally so feeble that their shadows flatten them. Their so-called "heroic" formalisations are contradicted by their constipated poses. Indeed, everything about these figures is pompous.

Epstein's Madonna and Holy Child, cast in lead and attached without visible support to a sheer wall above an arch, is one of the most successful pieces of modern public sculpture now to be seen in London. It will have specific meaning for those who use the convent, whilst its general humanity—the child standing between his mother's legs, her face tenderly inclined as she looks down on him, and he gazing ahead at the world—can have significance for even the casual passer-by. The elongated distortion of their limbs is considered in relation to the perspective from which one views the group. The spread-eagled poise of the figures, a little like that of a bird momentarily held against the wind, aptly expresses the transience of childhood security. Their placing on the wall is so careful that even the sculpturally unsatisfying corrugated-iron treatment of the folds of the Madonna's dress seems architecturally justified. In fact, what it amounts to is that Epstein has *accepted* the sculptural "expectations" of the site—and then rightly fulfilled them in an unexpected way.

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WATCH AND LISTEN

THE other day, in a graveside homily, Mr. Christopher Sykes announced the imminent decease of the historical feature. Wickedly, he took a short passage from Gibbon which in a few splashes of colour describes the siege of Rome at the time of Honorius. Now imagine, Mr. Sykes blandly went on, how this description would appear to a B.B.C. script writer:

> Honorius having been "established", Alaric must go his rounds to a plentiful accompaniment of 'horse grams', of shouting and marching soldiery, creaking siege-engines, and much hazardous work on "spot", including maybe some play with "the Tyber" in a hip-bath.

Not content with this, Mr. Sykes went on, at least by implication, to compare the Gibbon passage with a parody of how the B.B.C. might treat some notes from Greville:

NARRATOR: We learn from Greville that in the year 1843 the King of Hanover was—
GREVILLE: The great lion of London!
NARRATOR: The Tories were specially glad to see him—

(EFFECTS: *Fade up banquet. Numerous corks drawn and wine poured into glasses. Loud conversation and clatter of cutlery with laughter on spot.*)

1ST TORY: I say, capital feast this, eh?
2ND TORY: Dayvelish good.
3RD TORY: Egad, I've never known such extraordinary demonstrations of civility and regard as are being made for the King of Hanover.
1ST TORY: Dayvelish funny story I heard about him at Whites today. . . .

And so on and so on. It is all sadly authentic—the noises-off, the embarrassing slang, the whole laboured effort to create an atmosphere that Greville does more effectively in a quarter of the space. But wittily though Mr. Sykes has put his point, the argument is hardly convincing. It is not fair to take a masterly piece of prose and put it beside ham B.B.C. writing. And his subsequent praise of the work of W. R. Rodgers and Maurice Brown is, as he himself admits, scarcely relevant.

But let us take a few recent features, some historical, some not, and see where this leads us. Last week's story of Sid Fields would certainly seem to prove everything Mr. Sykes has said. Nothing was spared us—not even one of those crowd scenes that merely repeats a statement without adding either force or point to it. Thus the narrator tells us that Fields as a child loved to give imitations of Charlie Chaplin and the producer then brings in a chorus of women with some such dialogue as this:

1ST WOMAN: What's 'e dressed up in baggy trousers for?
2ND WOMAN: Proper little caution, ain't 'e?
3RD WOMAN: Fair makes yer split with laughter, don't 'e?

Far more embarrassing was the TV feature on Edinburgh, a city that has an almost overpowering personality. Think of the women and their wonderful swinging walk, the gentlemanly helpings of whisky in the pubs, the whole feeling that one gets in George Street of a French town miraculously transported to an unlikely climate. And what did the B.B.C. make of this superb material? A meaningless catalogue of activities, one of those travelogue fill-ups that so infuriate us in the cinema. This painful broadcast was presided over by Mr. Richard Dimbleby, whose performance in features reminds me of one of those great lolloping dogs that dash into a room and lay the place in ruins within a matter of seconds. A swish of the tail—and bang goes the sixteenth-century glass. A leap and a hug—and the Regency lamp is no more. Amid all the clatter we get the bandying about of Christian names by people who can hardly have seen each other before. We get "Yes, Richard" and "No, Richard." We get the contrived question—"Your range of 180 yards is much more than the ordinary archery club, isn't it?" It is indeed. And what is so wonderful is that good old Richard knew the answer all along.

But there have been much better features than these. The portrait of Swift, even though it took the form of a bombardment of anecdotes, was imaginatively done. Swift's parsimony and yet meticulous charity, his beard that was "as hard as the bristles of a hog", the terrifying end—these and a hundred other details slowly built up a picture that became more and more convincing. Admirable, too, was Mr. Walter Allen's scenes of past Coronations: what a relief it is to find an editor who never puts a foot wrong, who always finds the exciting quotation. Or take the account of the Abbey Theatre, with all those angry Irish voices biting at each other over the air. Indeed, my quarrel with Mr. Sykes is that his wickedness would be better employed elsewhere. The feature, historical or contemporary, is the one outlet where the B.B.C. can be genuinely creative and the Corporation should not be frightened off into less promising channels.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"Malta Story," at the Odeon
"Pépé le Moko," at the Academy
"Intimate Relations," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

Screens, perhaps you have noticed, have been getting bigger. An unusually big one, occupying in fact the whole width of the stage and half as high as wide, made its appearance on Monday, when we were treated to odds and ends in CinemaScope. The Miracle Mirror screen, we were assured, would displace 2D (but isn't it 3D?) and answer TV. It certainly offers a good deal of elongated space to play with. We watched the Coronation procession, from right to left, coming from the gate at Hyde Park Corner, and this—in slightly fuzzed Technicolor, to the accompaniment of mobile sounds—certainly put me more into the crowd than the cinema has hitherto. Then, hideously strident but keeping eye and ear on the move, an orchestra developed its parts. We entered New York harbour: the world's concavity was revealed, going up at the sides. New York itself, its skyscrapers leaning somewhat together. However, no straight lines betray some charming winter sports scenes, aeroplane-swoops over lake and landing ground.

Then the musical-comedy prance, a trio of silly-witty girls sprawled across eternity, and a New Testament drama of saccharine enormity reveal what, in the way of CinemaScope feature films, we would be really in for. These show little or no appreciation of their bizarre medium, and if we are to have crowd films, for heaven's sake let them be topical. Test matches and Derbies in CinemaScope would have a point. I can't think that a re-make of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* has. However, I belong to a minority which believes that what we need is, not bigger screens, but better films.

Malta Story is hardly a step in that direction. British film-making took its step during the war, and ever since it has been trying—with a very few exceptions—to get back to it. The good qualities of *Malta Story* are its respect for and enlargement upon scenes actually taken during the war: the air raids, the sea and air battles, the exploration of Malta itself are splendid. But there is no equivalent exploration either of a people or of individual character. Here is the same old English stooginess, the dull decencies and official charm (with Messrs. Jack Hawkins and Alec Guinness assisting), and the one native family that would be far more at home on the West End stage than in Malta. I don't say that *Malta Story* is bad; it's safe. It will go down at home; but—considering the subject—a less venturesome product could hardly be imagined. The semi-wide screen at the Odeon does it no particular harm.

Then—in this week of odds and ends—the return of a wandering classic, and a classic set wandering. *Pépé le Moko* is the first. The cribbed American version has died, and at last we are permitted again to enjoy the original. And, despite all the plagiarisms, enjoyable it remains, with Duvivier's cunning at its height, and a young Gabin to remind us how much better Gabin was. The Casbah retains its charm, and its fault is not the single movement of escape but the over-sentimentalised climax. However, this is an old favourite come back.

With *Intimate Relations* that engrossing Cocteau play-into-film *Les Parents Terribles* takes the road—the English road. It's disastrous. The translation seems insensitive, the actors miss nearly all those fateful *double-entendres* that gave tension to the original, and the general impression is that of rows in the local Rep. Not even the disarming foreword—gently regretting that foreigners will be foreigners—could reclaim poor direction and acting that let theatricality loose.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN

SIR,—The article by Mr. Davidson in your last issue fails to state the dilemma of the sterling area's dollar balance correctly. The author seems to assume that the dollars earned by the colonial territories are used by the United Kingdom alone. This, of course, is not so. Not only Great Britain but most of the independent members of the sterling area are net dollar spenders. Before the war the United Kingdom had a dollar deficit which she covered by the dollar surplus of the colonial territories. This was, and is, no disadvantage to the colonial territories if the United Kingdom can provide them with the goods they require at competitive prices. The colonial sterling balances have piled up since 1945 because, partly owing to continuing inflation in Great Britain and partly owing to the direction of exports to other markets, Great Britain has not been able to supply the colonies with all the goods they would have bought.

The position is not, however, quite as bad as Mr. Davidson and even Professor Lewis seem to think. The Colonial Office have at last produced the details of these holdings, and of the £1,210 million held by the colonies on December 31, 1952, £363 million are held by the Currency Boards as backing for local currencies, £199 million are funds of Colonial Government and other public bodies held under statute or earmarked for special purposes (i.e. savings banks, pension funds, etc.), and £133 million are held by the West African Marketing Boards and Uganda Price Assistance Funds. This £695 million is not available for expenditure in the ordinary sense. The loans made by the colonial territories to the United Kingdom through the mechanism of the dollar pool are therefore in the region not of £1,210 million but of £500 million—and even this is probably an over-statement. Nobody would suggest that this is a satisfactory position, and one of the reasons why it is necessary to have a surplus on our balance of payments is in order to repay these debts.

It seems, therefore, to be all the more unfortunate that £36 million should have been wasted on the ground nuts experiment which, even if it had been successful, would have provided food not for the colonial peoples but for people in this country.

7 Lord North Street, London, S.W.1. DIANA SPEARMAN

CAT AND MOUSE

SIR,—As I write, I am about to submit myself voluntarily for arrest to a Naval Patrol at Portsmouth station. This action is the culmination of a series of events lasting nearly a year. In 1948, I registered for National Service. I had then certain pacifist sympathies, but they were not sufficiently developed for me to be able to take any positive action. I was 17½ years old and was without sufficient understanding or experience to take the steps of registering as a C.O., although at the time I was eligible to do so. In 1949, I was called up, served for two years in the Royal Navy, and was demobilised in 1951. As I was within a certain age group, I was obliged to serve for a further period in the Royal Naval Supplementary Reserve, involving three weeks' annual training.

Throughout my service in the Navy the embryonic pacifist views which I held were becoming more definite; and, by the time I was finally "demobbed," I was fully resolved that it would be wrong for me to serve again. When I was called up for my first period of reserve training in July, 1952, I asked for instructions how I could register as a C.O., believing that I was eligible to go before a Tribunal in what I understood to be the normal way. I was informed, however, that as I had not registered as a C.O. when I was first called up, I was not now eligible to do so until I had received a sentence of at least three months' imprisonment or detention. I was subsequently arrested at my home, and eventually sentenced—without a court-martial—to 42 days' detention.

While serving my sentence, I sent a petition to the Admiralty asking to be allowed to go before a

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Tribunal, although I had not received the qualifying sentence of three months. This was granted; and after my sentence was completed, I went before the tribunal. My examination lasted for about twelve minutes. I was asked details of my upbringing and family but *not one relevant question giving me an opportunity to defend my claim*, and on this evidence I was rejected. In consequence, I was informed that I would again be called up and must accept the consequences if I refused. I was called up for a further period of 21 days' training and should have presented myself on June 20 at the Royal Naval Air Station at Gosport. I wrote to them saying that I would voluntarily submit myself for arrest on June 22. My letter was courteously acknowledged, and I must say here that the Naval Authorities have behaved almost as well as is possible in the circumstances. But they persist in saying they are powerless to do any more than they have.

My local M.P. has received from the Ministry of Labour a rather significant letter, which includes the following passage: "If Mr. Denny is summoned for a further period of training, and again refuses to go, any penalty would be a matter for the Naval Authorities. I imagine that any sentence of imprisonment would not necessarily be heavier than on the first occasion. If this happens, Mr. Denny will be given a further opportunity to appear before the Tribunal, when his claims would again be considered on their merits. They would not necessarily be rejected again. *If they were rejected and Mr. Denny still refused to obey training notices, I think it may be assumed that steps would be taken to ensure that this process did not continue indefinitely.*" It appears, therefore, that it is within the power of the Naval Authorities to allow me again to appear at a Tribunal *before* receiving the qualifying sentence of three months, or even to find some other way out, should they find it expedient to do so.

My case is one of many—the only difference being that it is the first of its kind in the Navy—and what happens to me has happened and will continue to happen to many others. The conduct of the Tribunal is a foolish comedy, and will remain so unless some pressure comes from somewhere. Civil law claims to tolerate conscientious objectors, but a "change of heart" is apparently tolerated only after a minimum of three months' imprisonment. I realise there are many difficulties in the recognition of conscientious objectors, but surely none are so great that they cannot be overcome.

ROBIN DENNY

39 Colville Gardens,
London, W.11.

KENYA PRISONS

SIR,—I have recently had opportunities vouchsafed to few Kenya visitors of seeing the interior of Fort Jesus, the early seventeenth Portuguese fort, which is Kenya's most important ancient monument. I am, however, not at present concerned with its architectural interest but its present use. It is, and has been for many years the principal prison on the coast of the Colony.

In this prison an African is maintained for 88 cents three days of the week, and 56 cents (about 6d.) the remaining days—the difference being the meat ration, issued three times a week. On a diet valued at less than 1s. per day, the kindly and personally humane superintendent of the jail is expected to maintain men in a state of sufficient bodily vigour to perform "hard labour". Agreed that there is no such labour in the prison or facilities for it, but prisoners are frequently transferred to prisons where there is.

An Asian prisoner is by these standards an expensive luxury since his daily cost is 224 cents, and a European must really cause some concern to the authorities since he costs 4 cents more *per diem* than the Indian.

A remand African prisoner, though still an innocent man in law, comes off rather badly. Though he may await trial for months, his diet is confined to maize meal and beans. He receives no meat or vegetables at all and his daily cost is 45 cents (less than 6d.).

In Fort Jesus at the time of writing there are 82 alleged Mau Mau offenders awaiting trial. The Superintendent is very properly required to keep them segregated, but to obey his instruction he must deny them all exercise. They are in grossly overcrowded conditions—22 are in a room said to hold normally nine, and 50 in another room scheduled for half as many—and the best that can be done is to allow them to sit on the ground by the doors for short periods three times a day.

In the male part of Fort Jesus, there is a specially constructed compound to hold two convicted Mau Mau women—Kahiki, serving four years, and Panlima, serving five. This little compound, in which a careful farmer might fatten not more than three pigs, is surrounded by high walls on three sides and in the hot weather little or no fresh air will penetrate into it. The prisoners were put in there at the beginning of May and it appears to be contemplated that they will complete their sentences there. They are never permitted to emerge for exercise or for any reason other than to see the Superintendent in his office. Both women to the lay eye appear to be in poor physical condition.

A visiting justice, a certain Col. Newell, appeared to be unimpressed when the above facts were drawn to his attention. The food—it was a non-meat day—he declared to be first rate, all sixpennyworth of it. He did not disclose whether he had personally sampled it. On the lack of facilities for exercise of the Mau Mau remands his comment was: "Well, you know these chaps have committed shocking crimes." A gentle reminder that they were remanded for trial caused an impressive cavalry moustache to bristle and the rejoinder was: "Well, all their friends and relations are responsible for all this business." A new variety of vicarious liability hitherto unknown to the law—or is it another aspect of collective punishment?

But if these conditions should merit any adverse comment, let it not be levelled at those directly in charge: they just carry out orders and they do so in as liberal a spirit as they dare.

Mr. Potter, the Chief Secretary, was recently asked by a leading settler to consider reducing the standard of prison diet to make punishment tougher. He replied that he did not think it practicable: Having a knowledge of the subject not inferior to his I respectfully agree.

Mombasa. PETER EVANS

KIKUYU SCHOOLS

SIR,—As I have followed news and comment on the Kikuyu situation in British journals, I have been surprised at the slight attention given to the closing of the Kikuyu independent schools and what that portends both as to losses of children now and as to relations with Kikuyu now and in the future. It is true that some Kikuyu schools are running and that children from others have been absorbed by the district education boards and missions. But a recent report says that about 23,000 children in the Nyeri, Fort Hall and Kiambu districts are absent from schools, partly because of the Government's closing of the independent schools and partly because of alleged Mau Mau intimidation of parents and teachers willing to co-operate with the approved educational system. Also, I am told, there are thousands more Kikuyu children at large who come from the Rift Valley region.

I visited several of these schools two years ago and became well acquainted with a teacher in one of them. He particularly wanted my help with regard to the teaching of economic geography and hygiene in the home, and my advice as to biographies of great men to give the children. He has kept me in touch with the situation since. He is now profoundly disturbed by what is happening to the children, whom he sees as a new generation of trouble makers. The resentment of some of the Kikuyu at being deprived of education seems greater than their resentment over land.

The Kikuyu independent schools were the result of Kikuyu effort, first to provide schooling where it was not otherwise available, and second to incorporate the old culture with the new in their own way. These schools were accused of spreading subversion. I am not contending that this may not be true. Nevertheless the Kikuyu schools are a unique experiment in education, and if the experiment had been received with more understanding and sympathy, the charge of subversion might never have had a chance to arise.

It has now become a point of honour with many Kikuyu to stand by their schools and the principle of independent creative effort on which they were established. Thus the immediate problem is more than getting the children back to school: it is to give recognition to the struggle of a tribal people to participate in determining the content and direction of their education, and thus to contribute themselves to the development of their own maturity.

Is it not possible that the quickest step toward the eventual solution of the troubles in Kenya may come through our recognizing the best of the potentials in this indigenous educational effort and being willing to co-operate with the native schools? If we approach them in this spirit, I believe that we will find those willing to co-operate with us, and the number will rapidly grow. And if the Kikuyu should be too distrustful of the British in the present emergency, could not some third party, which would be trusted by both, exercise a temporary leadership until the present tensions have somewhat abated?

A FRIEND OF KENYA

WAR OR NEGOTIATION?

SIR,—The Prime Minister's advocacy of Four-Power conversations has been widely supported. Nevertheless, Eisenhower remains cold, Dulles chilly, and events in Korea and Germany have shown that some, at least, are inclined actively to hinder negotiations.

May I, then, quote to your readers the proceedings of last month's session of the World Peace Council at Budapest, attended by some 90 members and 150 guests from 50 countries? It was significant that, at the very opening of the meeting, it was agreed, at once to jettison the tentative agenda (Korea and the Far East, Germany, economic and cultural relations, national sovereignty and independence), and to discuss all these questions in the single framework of their relation to negotiation. The outcome was a "solemn call upon the peoples to demand of their governments that they negotiate and agree. It is for us all to support every move—from whatsoever government it may come—to solve disputes by peaceful means. It is for us all to frustrate the efforts of those who prevent or delay agreement."

There will be a campaign in every country urging everyone in agreement with negotiation to act to press it, not necessarily with, or for, or together with the formula of, the World Peace Council, but in their own chosen way. It is the basic conception of the World Peace Movement that ways can be found to save mankind from being passive, ways whereby the drive for peace, overwhelming in every country without exception, can be expressed effectively. Opponents of the movement describe it as "an instrument of Soviet policy," and make this an excuse for ignoring or obstructing it. Its supporters know that unless it voices fairly a policy of common interest, corresponding to the general desires of all peoples and acceptable to peace supporters of all viewpoints, its work is useless. Surely there will be wide accord that now, precisely at this moment, the urging of negotia-

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tion is a method whereby everybody, without party political advantage or disadvantage to anyone, can strengthen the hands of the statesmen working for peace, help to tip the scale for peace rather than war.

IVOR MONTAGU

BERLIN RIOTS

SIR,—Surely the fifty-four Labour M.P.s who sent a protest to the Soviet Government about the anti-riot measures taken in East Berlin have got their facts a little mixed? The protest referred to the right of the worker to strike and demonstrate against grievances always having been a recognised principle of trade unionism, and stated, quite rightly, that it was wrong to send armed troops against unarmed strikers. But did this happen? According to the press reports it seems that no force was used against those who merely struck work in protest against conditions, but only against those who went a good deal further and actually rioted—attacking police and firing buildings. This type of action is hardly considered a prerogative of even British trade unionists.

A comparison of totals of casualties sustained by rioters and police proves that the anti-riot measures taken did not turn the incident into the kind of mass slaughter of workers we have read about (though perhaps in smaller type) in press reports of riots against conditions in British colonies. Furthermore, the measures the East German Government has now taken to conciliate the discontented populace prove that they are not so unmoved by such vociferous outbursts of public feeling as the Governors of our colonies have been in the all too recent past. The East German riots have been met by admissions of guilt, eulogies of the working-class, and reform; not the further harshness and oppression which is so often our colonial panacea.

COLIN T. SMITH

THE ROSENBERG AFFAIR

SIR,—Mr. David Ross rightly draws attention to the magnificent efforts made in France on behalf of the Rosenbergs. I am not sure, however, that the absence of any comparable campaign in Britain was due to callousness. I wrote to a number of well-known people on the subject during the past year or so, but was given to understand that interference from outside America—especially if it might seem to have a political motive—would do more harm than good to the Rosenbergs. One Anglican bishop promised to use his influence with American churchmen.

In fairness to our Press I must remind Mr. Ross that the *Manchester Guardian* urged the wisdom of clemency.

G. M. LEE

ROAD ACCIDENTS

SIR,—I was dismayed by Critic's superficial treatment of the road accident problem in your issue of June 27. He did not seem very enthusiastic about road improvements as a vital means of reducing accidents and pointed out that "few serious crashes occur where the roads are really narrow and winding. On such roads the motorist is compelled to travel slowly." It is surprising to see in an otherwise forward-thinking journal this out-of-date attitude that our traffic should be made to fit our roads, rather than the realistic approach that twentieth-century traffic needs twentieth-century roads.

The real root of our present road predicament—12 people killed and over 550 injured every day—is apathy towards the role of the road in our national life. At the turn of the century we had less than 10,000 motor vehicles on our roads. Today we have nearly five million using practically the same road pattern as we had a century ago. We have about 50,000 accident blackspots, and if they were put right thousands of lives would be saved. This contention has been proved dramatically by highway engineers. Improvements on five major roads in Oxfordshire entirely eliminated fatalities and cut serious injury cases by 76 per cent.

Of course carelessness or errors of judgment are the ultimate cause of accidents, but surely it is logical to reduce the chances of mistakes as much as possible. People are electrocuted by domestic appliances, but manufacturers reduce the risks by insulating plugs and wires. In face of the appalling toll of the roads, the Government has allocated a mere £2½ million for the treatment of black spots over two years. This has been described as "derisory," and is, in fact, about two and a half days' tax receipts from motor vehicle users, since they will be paying £370 million in fuel and licence duties and purchase tax this financial year. The Government has a lot to answer for in this problem of death on the roads.

A Royal Commission on road accidents, as suggested by Professor Goodhart, is not necessary, and would only be an excuse for postponing action.

BERNARD B. SYKES

British Road Federation,
4a Bloomsbury Square,
London, W.C.1.

TWOPENNY FARE STAGE

SIR,—Mistakes have to be paid for; and when Critic unintentionally travels beyond his twopenny fare stage he has to pay another twopence, not because the conductor has no penny tickets or thinks in terms of twopenny units only, but because his ticket takes him to a certain point and if he travels beyond that point he must pay the minimum fare, which is twopence. Had the destination been stated originally, of course, the journey would have cost threepence!

I do not understand why "this kind of thing" should make people dishonest. In my experience the people who inadvertently travel beyond their fare stage are very few in comparison with those who do it deliberately. I suggest that if the conductor was allowed to build up to a threepenny fare by issuing a penny ticket for the "inadvertent" passing of the fare stage, dishonesty would greatly increase.

The conductor still has penny tickets which are used for a child's fare and to build up to a fare for which he has no ticket.

BUS CONDUCTOR

GOVERNMENT TRAINING CENTRES

SIR,—After reading Mr. K. Dowson's article, my friends and I feel it is our duty to give our point of view of the Government Training Centres, because what Mr. Dowson has written is largely exaggerated. We are Poles, and there are four of us learning watch and clock repairing, with about twenty Englishmen. My friends and I have been here for about seven to nine months now, and we are happy in our trade and full of confidence that after concluding our training we shall find jobs.

As for the instructors and management, we think that they are helping us in any way they can. It is obvious that in a place like this, where two hundred people meet, almost all of them disabled, there are bound to be some restrictions and regulations for our own safeguard. The kitchen here is good, and if not always palatable, the Management seem to be meeting our requirements, considering we are deducted one shilling a day for our three course midday meal. Each Wednesday, on collecting our grants, we assemble in a hall, and class by class, approach the pay office window. Here, silence is requested as in every office, whether Government or private.

As for our instructors, we think that we owe everything we learn to them. These are the people who are giving us a helping hand in our lives; who are giving us confidence and knowledge. It is very cowardly of Mr. Dowson, to suck the brain of his instructors and then dishonour them by giving the public the wrong impression of such a good and noble Institution.

B. RUDNICKI

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

SIR,—I am engaged in writing a biography of William Pember Reeves. I should be very grateful if any reader who has letters, documents, or particulars of any incidents or anecdotes concerning Reeves would be so kind as to communicate with me. All documents will be carefully used and returned.

KEITH SINCLAIR

Auckland University College,
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Books in General

WHEN Ludwig Wittgenstein died just over two years ago, the modern world lost one of those rare, remarkable persons who transform the outlook, the sensibility of their age. Yet all that he published in his lifetime was one book, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, and one very short paper read to the Aristotelian Society. It is a bibliography remarkable for its meagreness—the complete *œuvre* would scarcely fill a hundred pages of ordinary type and size—but also remarkable for the lopsided representation it gives of the man and his achievement. For both these works come out of an early phase of the modern movement and of Wittgenstein's own intellectual development. Published in the nineteen-twenties, they belong to that "formalist" period which seems already to be part more properly of the history than of the present condition of philosophy. Yet that this should be so is ironical. For it is to Wittgenstein more than to any other single person or group of persons that we owe the perspective in which the thought of the recent past invariably presents itself to us. It was he who by going beyond it made his own work seem antiquated.

But of this later phase of Wittgenstein's thought—which occupied something like the last twenty years of his life—the world has had until now no direct indication. He returned to Cambridge in 1929, was made Professor in 1939, and then in 1947—after spending part of the war as a medical orderly in a London hospital—he resigned his Chair. During all this period, he lived within a narrow circle, teaching, discussing, propounding philosophy with a few select students and colleagues; effecting a complete but silent transformation of the subject. For he published nothing, went to no congresses, engaged in no general controversies, gave no public lectures out of Cambridge and made those that he gave there difficult of access. Slowly, though, something of his teaching leaked out: partly through his students, partly through the gradual, surreptitious circulation of a number of philosophical "notebooks," which had been either dictated by Wittgenstein or else taken down at his lectures and later submitted to him for correction. But it is only with the publication of *Philosophical Investigations**—a work directly springing out of Wittgenstein's desire to combat this contraband in his ideas—that we can form a fair estimate of his later philosophy.

Philosophical Investigations is a strange brilliant work, a book that will always be one of the great curiosities in the literature of philosophy. Written in an elegant, aphoristic style, idiosyncratic to a degree, it reveals the mind, the temperament of the writer as successfully as if it had been a work of a more intimate character. No technical philosophical terms occur in the book, and the ordinary academic methods of exposition, of classification are abandoned. Instead one is led forward by a series of examples, of epigrams, of rhetorical questions, until in the end one is in a position to see—not the true answer—but rather the question in its proper light. "I should not like," Wittgenstein writes in the Preface, "I should not like my writing to spare other people the trouble of thinking. But, if it were possible, to prompt someone to thoughts of his own." And yet the very simplicity, the informality of Wittgenstein's style may ultimately prove, as in the case of Berkeley, his philosophy's worst enemy. For, with both these philosophers, so easy is it to read *what* is written, that one may well read it unmindful of *that against which* it is written. In the case of Berkeley, this is provided by Locke: in the case of the later Wittgenstein, by the earlier Wittgenstein.

If one looks for a unifying principle in Wittgenstein's work, this is to be found in his conception of philosophy: of philosophy as the study of language. And here, in this notion, we have what is perhaps the keynote of the modern movement, the criterion whereby future historians of thought will come to characterise it most serviceably. Using it, we can mark off from the movement a philosopher like Russell who, for all his great contribution to it, has always seen philosophy in another light, and can yet attach to it another like Moore who, for all his differences, subscribed to this general method. The novelty of the method is still hard to assess, but its importance can no longer be in doubt. Its achievements are part of the corpus of philosophy.

If, then, the constant element in Wittgenstein's thought is the emphasis on language as the proper study of philosophy, the changes that occur in it can be ascribed to the changes in his conception of language. In the *Tractatus*, it was rigorous, formalistic, quasi-mechanical; deeply influenced by those studies that had led him to philosophy—logic and the foundations of mathematics. The elements out of which all language is constructed are simple or "atomic" statements which describe simple or "atomic" facts, and do so by corresponding to them like a map or a picture: they are true or false depending on the accuracy or the inaccuracy of the correspondence. Out of these "atomic" statements, compound or "molecular" statements are composed by means of simple logical operations, such as negation and disjunction; and these statements are true or false depending, in certain fixed ways, on the truth or falsehood of the constituent statements. As limiting cases, we find certain composite statements that are true for all combinations of truth-values of their components (tautologies), and others that are false for all such combinations (self-contradictions). The propositions of logic and mathematics are all tautological.

Of course at no moment did Wittgenstein ever think that any natural language actually exhibited such a rigorous structure. What he did maintain, though, was that it is only in so far as language can be considered as an interpretation of such an ideal construction, that it can be meaningful. And for Wittgenstein, as for Russell, the role of philosophy was no longer to draw the distinction between the true and the false—for *that* was the concern of the scientists—but to draw the more fundamental one between the conceivable and the inconceivable, between the meaningful and the meaningless.

The *Tractatus* was the most important single book of the modern movement. Outside philosophy, its influence was felt in all fields into which the theory of language obtrudes. Within philosophy, its influence is to be observed most noticeably in the ideas of the Wiener Kreis. For while Wittgenstein—in one of those periods of withdrawal that punctuate his career—was living as a village schoolmaster in Austria, a group of philosophers and scientists of a positivistic cast of mind began to meet in Vienna and discuss the *Tractatus*. From these discussions, with which Wittgenstein was only indirectly associated, there arose the philosophy of Logical Positivism properly so called.

But just at the moment when his ideas were receiving a sort of codification, Wittgenstein was moving on to a new style of philosophy. The stages of the journey are unknown to us: but in *Philosophical Investigations* we are given the point of arrival. Language is no longer seen as something rigid, precise, mechanical in its workings, but is necessarily imprecise, amorphous, operating in many different ways. It neither possesses, nor stands in need of, any one criterion of meaning. To say that a word or sentence is meaningful is to say that it has a use. To give this use is to set out the many different senses that it bears, to show the many different cases that it fits and then—should this seem unsatisfactory—to bring out the "family resemblances" that these different senses, these different cases bear one to another.

Metaphysics, on this revised view, is always the outcome of some insensitivity to the manifold of language. And this can evince itself either in the general case or in the particular case: either by characterising all language in a way that is only appropriate to part of it, or by characterising all the uses of a concept in a way that is only appropriate to some of them. The role of philosophy is to uncover these insidious tendencies at work: to show that language is richer, that concepts are subtler than the metaphysicians would have us believe; to exorcise certain persistent fantasies—those expressed in the images of the map, the picture, the mirror—that cloud our judgment when we come to consider the nature of language. "Philosophy is a battle against the bewitchment of our intelligence by means of language." And of this long and bitter struggle we obtain a vivid picture from the pages of *Philosophical Investigations*—though in fact it only deals directly with an engagement which is but a fragment of the whole operation. The enemy there is the notion of "experience" or "sensation" that has come to occupy so large and so paradoxical a place in empiricist philosophy: being at once that to which physical objects are reduced, and itself reducible to physical movements.

We might ask, What weapons are to be used in the philosophical battle? And the answer is, None: or, None except the obvious ones. 'For clearly we all know how to use our language. It is only when we begin to think about it and reflect upon it that we go wrong, that we characterise it in distorted ways. What then is needed is, in each case, to go over all the temptations implicit in our language and so, by becoming conscious of them, to harden ourselves to them. "The philosopher's treatment of a question is like the treatment of an illness." More particularly, it

* *Ludwig Wittgenstein: Philosophical Investigations*. Translated by G. E. M. ANSCOMBE. *Blackwell*. 37*s*. 6*d*.

is like the treatment of a neurosis at the hands of an analyst, in that the cure is identical with the diagnosis.

Along with this conception of philosophical method goes the rejection of philosophical theses. Lord Russell has told how in the early days of their friendship he was uncertain whether Wittgenstein was "a man of genius or a crank": some of his views "made the decision difficult." Towards the end of his life, Wittgenstein said that he held no philosophical views. The journey from one position to the other is a long one and can be easily misunderstood. For Wittgenstein's neutrality was not like that of, say, Henry James at the time of the Dreyfus trial; that of a man abstaining in an issue where it is virtually an index of humanity to declare oneself. He was not by some herculean effort of the will preserving a quite unnatural virginity of the mind. Wittgenstein held no philosophical views because he believed that there could be no philosophical views to hold. For the role of philosophy is always to bring one back to the paths of ordinary usage: and these paths follow not the instructions of philosophers but the habits, conventions and experiments of its ordinary users.

But once we have arrived at this stage of enlightenment, it is, I suppose, only natural to ask what is the purpose of it all. If philosophy can only bring us back to the point where we began, why set out? Ultimately the matter is one of choice, of temperament, of inclination — but, short of this, two things can, I think, be said. In the first place, it is useful to know that this circular tour is all that can be accomplished by philosophy. And secondly, the value of the journey lies not in the destination but in the journey itself. It allows us to see more deeply into the character of the language we all unreflectingly employ. And it cannot be too often pointed out that to say that philosophy is about language is not to trivialise it. It is not, as ignorant critics would suggest, like saying that it is about clothes or about the weather; about, that is, some contingent, some irrelevant aspect of our lives. For in language lie the roots of all our thought and sensibility. To excavate these roots calls for the exercise in the very highest degree of Reason and the Imagination, and is a task that in no way falls below the high traditional professions of Philosophy.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

THE CHILD'S JOURNEY

We only reached the edge, the child
Made the full journey, lovingly spoke
To all reflections that flung back
Himself until his picture broke.
So in a brief game he fulfilled
The death we only knew as lack.

The edge was fearful, thrust back all
Our pain at us, but we refused
To learn a death beyond despair
And on the boundary all we raised
Was ruin, a memorial
Not to a death but to our failure.

Still the child nagged our minds and said
" Beyond the death that I have reached
Love will start up : it is my life."
But when we looked at him and searched
His triumph we would not believe
It was our death at which he played.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

STUCK IN THE MUD

French Politics: the First Years of the Fourth Republic. By DOROTHY PICKLES. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 25*s.*

It ought to be possible to write contemporary history. Indeed it is possible. There are books of the highest merit on the recent history of Russia, Germany, eastern Europe. What is it that such individual authors as, say, Sir Lewis Namier, E. H. Carr, and Hugh Trevor-Roper have in common? Great scholarship, of course; but also literary mastery and clear personal convictions. A work of history, like any other book that is any good, must bear its author's stamp. The reader should feel that no one else could have written this particular book in this particular way. The reader of Mrs. Pickles's book on contemporary French politics is more likely to feel that it could have been written by many conscientious students at Chatham House. It is scholarly, accurate, well-balanced. Mrs. Pickles has escaped the criticism that she feared —" criticism on the score of omissions, misplaced emphasis and subjectivity." But she has escaped them by not putting emphasis on anything at all. The details are there; the whole is lacking. We find the names of the party-leaders and the votes that were recorded. We do not find France. Perhaps she did not exist in these years. In that case it would have been important to say so.

It is not enough to tell a story. One must also ask—what was it all about? Here was a country that had been one of the Great Powers of Europe for centuries, a country where the intellectual grasp of politics ranked higher than in any other. Yet it failed, as it still fails, to find a stable government or to put its resources to good use. What is the mortal disease of modern French politics? Is it the inevitable legacy of the great Revolution, which broke the continuity of French history? Does it reflect the unique agrarian system, with its secure, prosperous peasantry? Is it the consequence of defeat in two wars? Or is it—as English Socialists like to think—the fault of the French capitalists, who have failed to accept the psychology of the Welfare State? Should we blame de Gaulle or the Communists, the democratic politicians or the voters? Perhaps democracy is really an unworkable system; and we are kept going only by the elements in our society that are not democratic—snobbery, the public schools, and the B.B.C. Or perhaps it is merely that the French are too clever by half.

Every civilised man loves France. That is no reason for evading the harsh fact that French political society is in grave, perhaps irremediable, decay. To chronicle the details of this decay is no more rewarding than to dwell on the intrigues of the later Byzantine empire; and even Gibbon wisely skipped these. Mrs. Pickles rarely gets beneath the surface of events. She mentions the issue of the lay schools, which has divided the Socialists from M.R.P. How important was it? How many clerical schools are there in France? and of what quality? She deals exhaustively with the parties, and their manoeuvres. But they remain names, symbols. It comes with a flash of light when she once strays from the arid path of fact and analyses the contrast between Socialist leaders and rank-and-file—the one Parisian intellectuals, the others obsessed with local quarrels. We need the same sort of thing for the other parties; but this demands a type of research which cannot be based simply on press-cuttings —and Chatham House is not much more than a glorified press-cutting establishment.

It would be unreasonable to blame Mrs. Pickles for the drab, cautious tone of her book. It is the book that she was asked to write; and she has written it competently with an occasional hint of the ideas that she could reveal if she were let loose. She is probably too much under the myth of the Resistance and fails to appreciate that for nine Frenchmen out of ten both it and the Liberation were a great nuisance. But the fault of her book lies in its character. It represents the widespread modern belief that, if we accumulate enough facts, we shall then know the answer. Even the facts could be presented more effectively in a non-literary form. A list of Prime Ministers, tables of party-strengths, and graphs of the cost of living would make half the book unnecessary. As it is, the reader has no more understanding of France at the end than at the beginning, except that France—like the book—is stuck in the mud.

There is a further point. Contemporary history must be really contemporary, if it is to serve a useful purpose even as a work of reference. The narrative here goes to the summer of 1951; the preface is dated August, 1952. On my desk are two books from commercial publishers. The preface of one is dated February, 1953; of the other April 16, 1953. Does Chatham House really need to take two years between the completion of a manuscript and its appearance? No doubt the Royal Institute of International Affairs prides itself on its academic character; all it has in common with the academic world is to be slow and dull.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE SPANISH TOURIST

Gatherings from Catalonia. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Introducing Spain. By CEDRIC SALTER. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

Spain has always had a few tourists but never before anything like the modern mass-swarming of the last two or three years. For the Spaniards this is the reward of twenty or more years' intelligent and energetic reform of their hotel industry and the care of historic sights. Less rapacious, less commercial, less pushing than their Latin rivals, they have retained their dignity, their native quality and their taste. The French began to swarm there first, fortunately for us. It is they who have had to bear the brunt of the paradoxical Spanish hostility to the foreigner. Proud, offended but polite, the Spaniards have gaped at the customs of Western democracy, marvellously unaware that the French had come

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to look at *them*. I have heard Spanish peasants call these genial French visitors in their shorts and open-necked shirts "obviously people of low social class out to buy cheap underclothes." Many Spanish papers said it was the "sacred duty" (see *La Vanguardia* of Barcelona) of "Authority" to see that jackets were worn at any rate in the big towns! Spaniards are also hardly able to contain themselves at the sight of people of opposite sexes displaying affection for each other in public. In religious difficulties, French Catholics seem to be more liable to annoy than English Protestants. Being, in so many of the same things, reticent, conventional or eccentric, the English and the Spaniards get on more easily. And the passions raised by the Civil War are far more alive outside the Spanish frontiers than within them, where appalling memories, deep guilt, years of suffering have combined with the prohibition of debate, to make the subject almost taboo. The Spaniards find our enquiries embarrassing. Sancho Panza has emerged: whoever wins is right.

What the mass traveller wants is simple, practical information and only those who, like the writers of these books, have lived for recent years in the country can give it. Mr. Salter is a breezy journalist, a man who supposes (rightly) that the mass traveller is really more interested in his hotel, his food, his tips and how to get from one place to the next, than in galleries, museums, churches and monasteries of the country. He has low marks for art but—his hearty manner apart—high marks for Spanish life as far as it will catch the passing traveller's eye. His great virtue is that he likes the Spaniards and knows their ways.

Mr. Langdon-Davies has lived for 30 years on and off in Catalonia and he is far more informative than Mr. Salter, but in a narrower field. He knows Barcelona inside out and is especially good on country life in the province. The domestic detail of his farm life, his account of changing customs, is really excellent. All earlier Spanish books have been put out of date in the last 20 years, by the social revolution which has taken place. The war and its famines have swollen the population of the cities; the solid basis of Spanish custom has been broken up. Mr. Langdon-Davies notes many of the changes and, since he knew the good times, is not always pleased by them. Yet, as he implies, Spain still remains Victorian, out of date, formal, and its great cities provincial.

Catalonia is the most European of the regions. It has lost the *élan* it had in the days of the Republic and before, when its culture was stimulated by liberalism or nationalism or both. But that can be said also of the rest of this tired, bewildered country which since the Civil War has lost pretty well its whole intellectual life. The tourist comes back refreshed by a race that has retained qualities which have been lost to us in northern industrial civilisation, and stunned by a people with a large sense of charity but little social conscience. The bother is that Catalonia has a megalomaniac streak and is getting the modern madness for large cities, as Mr. Langdon-Davies says. There is nothing about politics in either book. Spain is, politically speaking, a vacuum which no Spanish group has the power, or even the conviction, to fill.

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ANDRÉ GIDE

Notes on André Gide. By ROGER MARTIN DU GARD. Translated by JOHN RUSSELL. *Deutsch.* 9s. 6d.

These *Notes on André Gide*, very well translated by John Russell, who has also written an excellent introduction to them, are probably more autobiographical than biographical and illuminate their author rather than their subject. Not because he is self-centred or egotistically minded. On the contrary, a somewhat profounder knowledge of himself might perhaps have further enlightened Martin du Gard on some of those aspects of Gide which have escaped him.

It was in 1913 that Roger (for so I must continue to call him as I have done for many years past) first met Gide at one of those homely and informal parties which in early days took place in Gallimard's back premises and which have since developed into those famous "cocktails" now eagerly frequented by the best writers of the day, Gallimard's clients and *N.R.F.* contributors. But in 1913 Roger was an unknown young man whose first novel, *Jean Barois*, had just appeared and the guests of the afternoon—Copeau, Jean Schlumberger, Jacques Rivière, etc.—to mention only a few, showered him with well-deserved compliments. He describes in a few entertaining pages some of the celebrities he met that afternoon, pages which show him possessed of a piercing eye and an admirable talent for drawing lifelike portraits.

Gide himself did not come in till later than the others and Roger's portrait of him is indeed striking too, but so unlike my own impression of him when I met him four or five years later, that I cannot really believe in it. He crept in, says Roger, like a starving beggar in dirty, shabby, ragged clothes, unwashed, unshaved, unkempt, a mongol face and grotesquely awkward movements. Was this really one of Gide's aspects? Maybe. We all know that Gide's aspects, both physical and mental, were many. But I have oftener heard him reproached for paying too much attention to his outward appearance, for being a dandy, dressed by Frédéric, the most fashionable of Parisian tailors. Certainly when he visited my mother at Cambridge in 1918 he was more like the legendary prim Protestant pastor concealing a naughty schoolboy; she herself, struck by the magnificence of his brow, used to call him "our Shakespearean friend". Even Roger confesses that before the end of that afternoon he had forgotten all these blemishes he has so carefully immortalised, and could remember only the sweetness and gravity of his voice, the profundity and earnestness of his eyes, the originality, the iridescence of his ideas, the magic of his charm. "Never," says he, "in conversation has anybody given me such an impression of natural power, of *genius*."

It was not, however, till 1920 that this acquaintance was resumed and ripened into an unshakeable and intimate friendship which, in spite of different temperaments and points of view, lasted more than thirty years until, on February 19th, 1951, Roger sat by Gide's bedside and with wondering admiration watched him die. But to my mind, it is Gide's life that is more worthy of admiration. Roger watched that too with careful solicitude, much as an affectionate and anxious nannie watches an unruly though, no doubt gifted child, playing his inexplicable pranks. Both Gide and Roger were writers, novelists, dramatists, and the fidelity of their friendship was primarily based on the mutual recognition of their respective gifts and the differences of their approach to them. Their endless discussions were conducted with the greatest frankness. Roger was never afraid of stating his criticisms and his disapproval with a kind of passionate sincerity and Gide had too little self-esteem to be hurt; his curiosity to know what people thought was always greater. And Roger never doubted his own wisdom. He knew that he was right.

But Gide was guided by something other than wisdom. When Roger tried to persuade this supreme master of style to alter the placing of a word in a sentence, or maintained that style never produced anything but commonplaces, Gide smiled. He was listening to other voices—voices which Roger never heard, the voices that speak to poets, the calls that come from other regions, those regions which the curious traveller is for ever seeking, but which lie unsuspected, beyond the reach of the home-tied realist. Roger could never understand Gide's unquenchable thirst for travel—whether in deserts or to oases; his longing to learn foreign languages and study foreign literatures; his devotion to the cause of the Congo natives; his endeavour to understand the works of Marx and Engels and to see for himself whether there was any hope that their teaching might lead mankind to a happy and joyful life. How he pondered over Greek mythology and the lessons it had for modern civilisation! The contrasting destinies of the unhappy King of Thebes, finding salvation only in the doom of blindness, and that of the founder of the great city of Athens, subduing the monsters of Heaven and Hell, overcoming the love of women and gloriously triumphant in spite of—or because of?—the murder of his father and his son? What were all these interests of Gide's to the author of *Les Thibault*? No more than the yellow primrose to Peter Bell.

Roger, when speaking of his conversation with Gide after his wife's death, says (p. 93): "I was surprised to find that his grief was not darkened by any feeling of guilt. There was no sign of remorse. In fact, he doesn't think that he was in any way to blame." At this very time, Gide was writing the little pamphlet, published only after his death and called *Et Nunc Manet in Te*. If these pages are not the offspring of the bitterest, the most agonising remorse, what are they? Hypocrisy? No, no. R.M.G. who came to know them long before they were published, should have informed his readers, that here, at any rate, he had been mistaken.

This collection of "Notes" does not pretend to be a work of art. It is merely the spontaneous and unstudied testimonial to a great artist from a friend who was worthy of him. But however valuable it may be as a document, however great the interest and pleasure we take in it, we should not, I think, consider the severity of some of Roger's strictures as the literal truth, but attribute them to the irritation which often possesses the intimates of well-known persons, whose daily foibles are thus apt to be given greater importance than is justifiable.

Let us realise all the more the depth of Roger Martin du Gard's affection and admiration for his great friend.

DOROTHY BUSSY

HAMLET WITHOUT CLAUDIUS

Britain's Economic Problem. By C. A. R. CROSLAND. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Under the Labour Government investment programmes were regularly sacrificed in a crisis. They were cut in 1947, and in 1949, and again in 1951, to make way for rearmament. The menace of this policy to British productivity and competitive power was ignored and critics silenced by reference to the high level of investment. Now the world is rapidly returning to the inter-war "normalcy" of deflation. Excess productive capacity seems to threaten. And at this juncture the view that industrial re-equipment must be speeded up at all costs in order to safeguard Britain's future livelihood has become dominant among Labour leaders.

Mr. Crosland is a convinced and able exponent of this new view. The first part of his book consists of a pithy analysis of the British position at the end of hostilities and of the three severe exchange crises which marred the reconstruction of Britain under the Labour Government. In the second part, the three basic international problems facing Britain are investigated. All are more or less connected with the impact of a fabulously rich United States on the much poorer rest of the non-Soviet world. In a chronologically (and perhaps even logically) inverted order Mr. Crosland analyses, first the long, then the medium, and lastly the short-term problem.

The long-term problem will arise when America (also Japan and Germany) try to outbid us in the markets for food and raw materials. Our present high standard of life has been due to the favourable terms at which we could purchase primary commodities. Pressure against these terms would inevitably threaten the fruits of our technical progress, and perhaps lead to an absolute deterioration of our standard of life. Mr. Crosland, because of the odd sequence of his analysis, does not indicate that this long-term problem is a threatening alternative to the medium-term problem, the dollar shortage proper. The dollar shortage originates in the productive capacity of the United States. Her increasing productivity enables America to undersell both manufacturing and primary producing countries simultaneously, despite the high cost of wages. Thus, periodically the rest of the world is denuded of its gold and is forced either to deflate (as in 1951) or to devalue (as in 1949). This periodic tendency to unbalance would recur even if we were not haunted by the short-term problem—the instability of the United States, which intensifies the threat to our gold reserves. Mr. Crosland, rightly stressing the paramount need to prepare for the long-term problem, does not observe that, in the near future, the other two will dominate the scene. Our problem is by no means merely a question of production and austerity. We must also find markets, control imports and prevent a capital flight. Nor is it enough merely to elaborate an investment programme. It must also be carried out.

Devaluation will not solve all these problems during a world slump. We shall have to persuade people to enter into bilateral agreements, we must prevent the repetition of the speculative swings in capital movements which caused our troubles in 1947 and even more in 1951. Altogether the problem is more complicated than Mr. Crosland would have us believe. It is not true that "this long-term plan . . . could be more or less successfully carried out either under public or private ownership." How are we to persuade people to expand their productive capacity when re-awakened Japanese and German competitors prowl in our market, when there is the menace of an American slump and a general spread of deflationary monetary policies?

The risk capital is not available. Even our nationalised industries, especially coal and steel, have so far proved incapable of coping with the task of expanding production relentlessly. The fact is that the whole Labour experiment in planning was undermined by the spread of decontrol. Our past experience must be analysed and the lessons learned if we are to blaze a completely new path in the future.

To a Left-wing critic the failures of the Labour Government seem to have been due to its increasing reluctance to implement its own principles. By contrast, its initial successes in 1945–49 were due to its refusal to follow the advice of the experts and join the Gadarene rush to deflation and economic stagnation. Mr. Crosland cannot accept this explanation. He uses all his considerable dialectical ability to argue the case for the slightly watered-down "Keynesian Labourism," which has recently made so much headway among the leaders of the Labour Party. He is at great pains to show that the Right Wing of the Labour Party are fearless and radical re-thinkers, while Mr. Bevan is conservatively traditionalist. Polemics like this necessarily lead to a host of contradictions and omissions which mar an otherwise excellent analysis.

Emphasis on the undue burden of arms, for instance, is dismissed contemptuously as distracting and sterile (p. 211). But there is no explanation of how the initial increase in heavy investment is to be accomplished without a diversion of the heavy metal industries from the needs of the fighting services. Nationalisation is treated as a condition of full expansion (p. 107) and dismissed as irrelevant (p. 219). Egalitarian measures are sometimes a demagogic luxury (p. 216) sometimes directly relevant to the success of the plan (p. 220). At times Mr. Crosland seems to blame British inflation for our troubles (p. 33), without quite specifying how the pent-up demand (p. 12) could be dealt with except by direct controls. In other passages (p. 37) there is an angry (and just) rebuttal of the charge that inflation had prevented exports or bloated imports. It is vastly optimistic to dismiss doubts by asserting (p. 116) that the penalty of over-expansion is no longer unemployment, or (p. 94) that Britain has been purged of the deflationary influences of the inter-war period.

In the same way the United States is sometimes treated as an all but Socialist planned economy (much as in Mr. Crosland's Fabian Essay last year); while elsewhere a chapter is entirely devoted to exploring the consequences of United States instability. Again, an increase in the price of gold, which is surely the most perverse way in which the United States could help the rest of the world, is greeted as a constructive possibility, while cold water is poured on much less extreme schemes. The dollar shortage is measured, surprisingly, in terms of American export surpluses, though these are merely a reflection of the various aid schemes. The real intensity of the problem can surely only be measured by reference to the severe exchange or import restrictions, and the extent of the deflation required to keep the rest of the world from losing gold. Last but not least there is the crushing burden of foreign commitments and of rearmament which cost Britain well over £2,000 million in the post-war period. This is more than Britain's *whole* external deficit. Considerations of this kind, however, would bring Mr. Crosland up against his own political prejudice—and he says nothing of them.

There is no doubt that Mr. Crosland's basic thesis is right and vitally important. Britain's livelihood is menaced by the relentless march of American (and German) investment, which can be countered only by a great intensification of our own efforts. We need the creation of a potentially viable area, outside the United States, which can provide a solid basis for the planning of a burst of re-equipment sufficient to raise the proportion of our total resources devoted to the growth of productivity to at least 25 per cent. of the national income. If we could once reach that target the rest would be much easier. The increase in productivity would carry us along by itself.

But it is difficult to see how the initial expansion is to be managed, without revolutionary changes in home and international policy. The world, after all, is menaced by recession; the British Government is fearful of lowering the rate of

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interest for fear of speculation against sterling and of a speculative increase of stocks; workers are fearful of unemployment, and entrepreneurs afraid of excess capacity. Mr. Crosland has written an extremely able economic brief without paying sufficient attention to the political, sociological or psychological background, either in this country or abroad. It is the tale without the real villains, unlikely to provide a workable solution of our problems.

T. BALOGH

A NEW WORLD

The Silent World. By Captain J.-Y. COUSTEAU, with FRÉDÉRIC DUMAS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

The Undersea Adventure. By PHILIPPE DIOLÉ. Translated by ALAN ROSS. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 18*s.*

People back from the South are saying they've discovered a new world. Oh where, one inquires; and the answer is St. Tropez or Cannes—very much that old world of sunshine whither, a hundred years ago, the unsunny Lord Brougham led the way. But, soon, another statue should be going up on the quay, to Captain J.-Y. Cousteau. He more than anyone has provided the means of entering this new world that attends us underwater. Strange we should have been content with a surface so long, when all that was wanting was the small apparatus enabling us to see and breathe. Now for a few francs anyone can put on frog feet, mask, compressed-air cylinder; the wirelesses in cars can be left behind; a devilish harpoon will lend new thrills to huntin' and fishin'. If this seems already vulgar, the sea should have room for everybody.

Captain Cousteau tells us the story of his aqualung. It arrived, the product of years of experiment, in a box from Paris one June morning in 1943, and eluding bathers and Italian troops he waddled into the sea with the fifty-pound weight on his back. He submerged. The next twenty minutes were spent gliding, bubbling, rising and falling with intake and outlet of breath, looping, somersaulting, and robbing a cave where lobsters hung from the ceiling like flies. With two of them he came back to occupied France. That summer his party logged five hundred dives, hunted groupers and merous to supply the loss of calories, made films, explored the depths to two hundred and ten feet, and encountered a De Quinceyan *ivresse des grandes profondeurs* in which the raptures of vision were accompanied by a nitrogen narcosis arising out of the diver's own exhalations. In this wonderful but dangerous mood, "if a passing fish seems to require air, the crazed diver may tear out his air pipe or mouth grip as a sublime gift".

The history goes on. "Bends" (crippling from pressure) had to be guarded against. Wrecks were explored. The war ended and an Undersea Research Group was set up at Toulon. Explosions, it was found, could be approached in comparative safety. Trawl nets were observed allowing most of the fish to escape, and laying waste the breeding grounds. Caves began to exert a lure. Two lives were almost lost in a descent of the Fountains of Vaucluse, never before plumbed. Ionic capitals were brought up off Dakar. Treasure, archaeology, Picard's bathyscaphe, colours (the cut hand bleeding green), sharks, octopuses: a whole new set of wonders to replace the old. They are described with an eager incisiveness which matches the sixty-four pages of photographs. Anyone who saw the film *Epaves*, shown in London a few years ago, will know what to expect of the author's photography.

If Captain Cousteau is to be introducer of this new world, M. Philippe Diolé is its poet. *The Undersea Adventure* seeks to define an experience. Our imagination is touched at many points: the Normandy peasant is pointed to, working his land up to the cliff edge with not a flicker of interest for what lies beyond—one-third of the world unexplored. Even as we read, our senses develop and the three-dimensional journey gathers shape, movement, colour: throbbing sponges, the pearl-oyster infected with its worm, vast floating seaweed prairies, pink eel-larvae a hundredth of an inch long drifting across from the Bermudas to reach the French coast, three years old. M. Diolé's sympathies towards the forms and lives of fishes is quite extraordinary. Sensitivities, remote from our own, are not their only possession; they may, he suggests, enjoy affinities and play not dictated by biological necessity. Even for mere appearance "fish eyes" will no longer serve.

> The most beautiful is that of the liche (*Scymnus lichia*) . . . melting eyes which seem to tremble with emotion and which give to this glossy bluish body, with a black stripe along it, the aura of an imaginary virginity. And then there are the round eyes, like those of a short-sighted pretty girl who won't wear glasses, which the grey mullet show when they swim to the surface to nibble the floating rubbish they adore. And the lively eyes of the sargues, as quick as the sharp flick of their tail which takes them out of reach at the very second when you seem to be getting to know them. And the golden eyes of the octopus with a line of shadow across them . . . There are also cruel stares which hold our eyes and make us hesitate, those of the moray and the conger: a cold insistent gaze which comes from little eyes like boot-buttons, icy in their coldness and which sway to the rhythm of the muscular neck, swollen round the nape like an all-in wrestler . . .

His observations on pleasure and pain, and the whole of his chapter in courtships, will shake conventional attitudes. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that M. Diolé brings the ocean to life for the first time. He has not only found his new world; at necessarily rare moments, he lives in it.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVEL

The Lesser Infortune. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Earthquake. By HEINZ RISSE. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The City Beyond the River. By HERMANN KASACK. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

The Candle's Glory. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Heppenstall has written an excellent novel about a minority not usually given prominence: those who, conscribed into H.M. Forces during the war, either couldn't or wouldn't take it. His hero, Alick Frobisher, is the least heroic of men. Very early he establishes himself as a prig:

> . . . I had gone into the Army, if I had gone into it for any conscious reason, in order to immerse myself in *la condition humaine* . . . I entertained some notion that it was my duty as a poet to live through the extremes of contemporary experience.

The arrival of his calling-up papers may also have had something to do with it. He joins his unit in Belfast and proceeds straightway, in the homely Service phrase, to bind everyone rigid. Unable to bear the disgusts and privations of Army life, he bethinks himself of his former pacifism. He notifies his commanding officer that he can no longer submit to military discipline and claims the right to appear before an objector's tribunal. Nothing comes of this gesture and, dropping the pacifism again, he innocently applies for a transfer into the Intelligence Corps. But his superiors, with their wonted crassness, harbour doubts of his soldierly qualities and refuse to forward the application. He is shocked and aggrieved. Self-pitying, insubordinate, he now trips along the primrose path of the neurotic from one Army psychiatrist to the next. Finally he manages, to borrow a Service expression again, to cry his way out altogether.

Such are the author's skill and humanity that we grow almost fond of this manikin. Frobisher's saving grace is that he does care, desperately, about other people: or at least about those whom he deems to be in the same boat as himself. Officers, of course, are the Enemy, to be disliked and disparaged in the traditional highbrow manner. "For the most part commercial travellers, business men, auctioneers, solicitors and members of other parasitical sub-professions . . .": how else, one wonders, should a huge, conscribed, short-serving army be officered? It would be much more fun, no doubt, to hand it over to the Illuminati of Hampstead and Portland Place, with Mr. Connolly as Commander-in-Chief: but, unless we could trust the enemy to make similar arrangements, would it be really wise?

Mr. Heppenstall evokes most brilliantly the squalors, spiritual and material, of life with the Forces: the noise, the tedium, the smell and the *camaraderie*. His comic portraits are wonderfully sure and deft: Edna the quick-service A.T.S., who is to be had for a half-pound of margarine and who wears nothing under her overall in order to save her customers' time, is a feast in herself. Much tenderness has gone into the drawing of Fletcher, the punch-drunk pugilist with the eternal grin and the craving for cultured society. The book will cause temperatures in some places to rise alarmingly: but it is wholly candid, and partly true, and some of it is beautiful.

The hero of Heinz Risse's novel is also the righteous man, shining solitary in a world of incomprehension and malevolence. From a social point of view he is handicapped by two things: a singularly pure and unclouded vision which relentlessly discovers to him the reality beneath the appearance, and the gift of knowing when people are going to die. His refusal to place this very useful gift at the disposal of the insurance company for which he is working leads to his undoing in a worldly sense: he is thereafter bullied and slighted, passed over in favour of a colleague, Gebsattel, whose subordinate he eventually becomes. Gebsattel stands for the shifty, temporising world of expedience and

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make-believe: he is the chap who gets on and secures the plums, one of them being the hero's wife. The murder of this treacherous woman, the events leading up to it and the passions behind it, are the story of the book.

The hero is in prison as it opens, awaiting liquidation; he is regularly visited by a smooth, sinister individual known as the Professor, who encourages him to write notes on the case, yet makes it clear that nothing he writes will save him. The Professor is a bird of Gebsattel's feather: bent on the hero's destruction, he yet fussily hovers about him, fascinated and infuriated by his purity of heart. He triumphs apparently, just as Gebsattel did after the giant earthquake had seemingly laid his life in ruins, when he rose again bigger and better than ever as the brains of the Emergency Committee.

The world of this book is the vague, terrifying world of Kafka and his followers. Its inhabitants are inescapably doomed. German pessimism hangs over the stream of their lives like winter fog on the Thames. Yet such is the quality of the writer's thought that the cumulative effect is one of intense vitality. It is really difficult, in the hackneyed, reviewer's words, to put this novel down; and when at last we do so it is with a curious sense of refreshment.

The City Beyond the River is also translated from the German and was begun while the Nazi regime was still in force. It tells of a man who arrives in a strange city, to find there parents, old friends, a former love, who are yet in some way altered and unfamiliar. Slowly it becomes plain that all these people are dead and are merely pausing on their way to some final, shadowy resting-place. They are no more than the echoes of their earthly selves. The existence they all endure, the attitude of the city authorities towards them, are described in much detail and with great irony, reflecting the author's hatred of the philosophies of his time. It is a painstaking, often impressive book, Teutonic to the last degree.

James Thurber once powerfully argued the case for his hatred of women, listing among his charges their inability ever to get a quotation right. I doubted this judgment in a mild sort of way at the time, but since reading *The Candle's Glory* I have thrown up my brief.

> This Sunday he recited to her a French poem about
>
> *Les sanglots longs*
> *Des violons d'automne.*

A writer who makes this unseemly porridge of the second and third lines of *Chanson d'automne* cannot be remarkably sensitive; and since hers is one of those "sensitive" books, I laid it gently aside and reached for my Thurber.

HONOR TRACY

STAR DRESSING ROOM

Cécile Sorel: An Autobiography. *Staples.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Johnson once pointed out that a man is not on his oath when composing a lapidary inscription: still less is an octogenarian beauty when writing her memoirs. But Mme Sorel's hectic—at times almost delirious—version of her life story puts an almost unfair strain on her reader's credulity. Not even from a member of a Franciscan order can we easily accept the statement that the British Ambassador (Lord Derby) offered marriage; that Oscar Wilde told her that he worked in prison under the lash; that a frustrated suitor, having dined in Cairo, dashed off madly to hunt a lion in the adjacent desert; that she nobly persuaded Mussolini, who had been pressing dishonourable attentions on her, to become reconciled with the Pope instead.

Many of Mme Sorel's reminiscences ring true enough, for her charm and her vivid, undisciplined personality are matters of history. When her late marriage with the Comte de Ségur broke down and he finally left her for a lovely member of her company, she flung his ancestral collection of weapons down the chateau steps after him—a truly gratifying gesture that the old lady recalls with zest ("Some of the guns went off.") In another unforgettable passage D'Annunzio makes gloomy love to her while his resident mistress Bianca (a Maeterlinckian figure who was, one remembers, always accompanied by two wolfhounds) plays the organ louder and louder to relieve her jealousy: the scene ends with the Great Lover twisting a branch of eglantine into a crown of thorns. (Eglantine has no thorns.)

All this entertaining nonsense tends to obscure the fact that Cécile Sorel was an authentic artist, distinguished even in a golden epoch of the Comédie Française as a supreme exponent of the "great coquette parts" of the classic French drama. She was reared in a tradition which made the stage the altar of a cult demanding an intense emotional dedication. Everything, even religion, was strictly subordinated to art and love. When she forgets her egotistical fantasies and writes of her beginnings and of her great colleagues and the parade of "*jeunes premiers*" who clasped her in their arms, we share a genuine and too-brief glimpse into a magic vanished world. It is a thousand pities that Sorel was not better advised in the making of this book: it has no dates and no pictures. Both would have enhanced her fame.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

OVER THE STOVE

Good Food from France. By H. P. PELLAPRAT. *Frederick Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Paris Cuisine. By JAMES BEARD and ALEXANDER WATT. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Traditional Dishes of Britain. By PHILIP HARBEN. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Solo Cooking. By MAUD PREECE. *Vallentine, Mitchell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Small Meat Dishes. By AMBROSE HEATH. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Court Favourites. By ELIZABETH CRAIG. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

During the war, when one was inclined, perhaps, to pay too fond an attention to such things, I first came across an enormous cookery book called *Modern Culinary Art*. It was written by M. Henri-Paul Pellaprat, a renowned chef, who for thirty years had been (and then still was) chief of the pastry faculty of the Cordon Bleu School in Paris. It was the *chef d'oeuvre* of his career, a monumental volume enriched with coloured illustrations which made one's mouth water. It was a real chef's book, containing instructions for the whole practice of his art; and the original French edition must surely long have been the talisman without which no serious aspirant could approach the stove. But mine was the English edition, the translation on which M. Pellaprat had embarked in 1937, encouraged by the native success of his masterpiece; and it offered a further pleasure unknown in the original. M. Pellaprat's English was evidently slight, but he (or his translator) possessed a dictionary, and took this as a passport to the English tongue. The result is enchanting. The serious, the dedicated M. Pellaprat, who, we discover, had all his life been "devoted to the vulgarisation of classic and traditional cookery," proceeded to tell everything he knew in a style which calls forth one's finest interpretative powers.

The very names of the sections are a challenge. Should we begin with "the grillings," "the pannings," "the mufflins" or "the frogs"? (Of these last one is advised that "their freshness is to be ascertained, as they are rapidly corrupted"; but this done, one may "put them five minutes in broiling frying and serve in bush.") Every detail of instruction is mysterious. "Take a sharp and somewhat knife . . . keep nice collops on the poultry chest and plunge them in the chaudfroid, nearly seized; arrange the fattened pullet on a socle." "Sprinkle with cooking juice, degreased and mixed with fecula . . . give some simmering and pour on the shops." "Deglaze the pan with eager cream . . . turn it with a little whip until ebullition." We are repeatedly told

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The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy
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in the preparation of a dish, to nap it, drop it, pick it or relieve it; to recover it, disgorge it in current water, wipe it in a frying paste, or "let seize the first couch." Crawfish *à la Pompadour*, we learn, "is a very exquisite fish recommended for dinner where it is apprehended that crawfish is contra-indicated to certain guests." Mussels, on the other hand, "cannot be again eaten if a first experience proves that they are not convenient to the body." Clams are safer: they are "open, and gobbled as they are."

His advice is not confined to cookery alone. Details of service are carefully set out, so that even the "most unprepared housewife" will know how to serve a "somewhat ceremonious dinner." For this undertaking she is advised to employ "one or two maîtres d'hotel in extra." They, luckily, will 'prepare dinner things, dispose first table with its eking pieces, and a molleton cloth before entirely putting the nap." They also, naturally, understand waiting at table; "if a dish is accompanied with sauce, it is preferable that the maître d'hotel presents immediately the saucepan.' Armed with this knowledge of correct procedure, "housewives and particularly the mothers" will be able to go ahead preparing family and ceremonious dinners, and "it is not without rapture that they are doing this work."

Not without rapture, dear M. Pellaprat, indeed! For the charm of his style disguises neither the extent of his knowledge nor the excellence of his advice. He is a prince of chefs, and I have never yet decoded one of his recipes without being rewarded with something delicious and successful. It was with delight, therefore, that I opened a new cookery book this week bearing his name; and with sorrow that I learned from the introduction that he died a year ago, at the age of eighty-six. I must confess, too, to a little fond disappointment in discovering that in *Good Food from France* his work has been "adapted" and even properly translated. The translator is evidently an American: it is strange to find M. Pellaprat dealing with sea-food, cornstarch and jelly-roll, measuring in cups, frosting his cookies, and serving his meat rare. Still, the basic material is the master's, and so deserving of attention and respect.

Another book about French cooking appears at the same time, and this is a very different, very chic affair. *Paris Cuisine* is not for the imprepared housewives who eat at home, but for the serious few who wish to know all about the best restaurants in Paris, their specialities, telephone numbers and hours of business, together with a selection from their most prized recipes, which the authors, by patient attendance and (no doubt) persuasive charm, have coaxed out of the *patrons*. It is painful reading for those who are obliged to spend their holidays on British shores.

However, English food can be wonderful—a fact we are all too liable to forget, unless we are television addicts, in which case Philip Harben will no doubt have revived our lost innocence with regard to Lancashire Hot Pot, Bakewell Tart, and tripe. *Traditional Dishes of Britain* is a small, simple, friendly book which tells us exactly how to make those homely dishes which we ought to have learned at our mother's knee, but possibly didn't. I was interested to discover that my Bakewell Tart, object of my sincere affection from the cradle, is not the traditional one, and ought to be Bakewell Pudding anyway, containing no almond. I cannot be convinced, however, that shortbread is traditionally baked in a tin and marked "in some decorative manner." No, indeed, Mr. Harben; shortbread is pressed into a floured wooden mould, appropriately carved, and knocked out on an iron sheet to bake. If such cannot be bought today (perhaps in Forfar, though?) it makes a rewarding job for the family wood-carver.

Solo Cooking is a specialised book, designed for the person who lives alone and probably has no more than an electric point or gas ring. It is sensible, imaginative and stimulating, and should do much to improve the lot of those sad solitaries who habitually dine on Grape-Nuts and sardines. So, too, should Ambrose Heath's *Small Meat Dishes*, which is concerned with the things that can be done with half a pound of minced beef, or two cutlets, or a handful of scrag. The taste of meat need not be lost to those who can never hope to own a joint.

How different is the approach of *Court Favourites*, Miss Elizabeth Craig's collection of recipes from royal kitchens! This is hardly a book to use at your own stove (one imagines it would not thank you for taking it there) but it makes delicious reading for those who enjoy collecting information about royalty. One cannot help being impressed by the fact that "most of the members of the Royal Family are fond of shrimps"; although, conversely, there is "very little sign of any great interest being taken in fish in general by any member of the Royal Family." Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, however, not only shared the Duke of Windsor's taste for sole, but "liked fish either in the form of soup or as a course at lunch or dinner." Queen Victoria did not care for soup. Prince Albert was very fond of fillet of beef stuffed with foie gras and truffles, well larded and braised with madeira and served with a port wine gravy. In our simpler day the Duke of Windsor, "when he deigned to take tea away from home, is said to have selected cherry tartlets after buttered toast." There is even a royal recipe for senna tea, which should give privileged satisfaction in loyal households.

MARGARET LANE

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Ants. By DEREK WRAGGE MORLEY. *Collins.* 18s.

The title should really have been *British Ants*. Mr. Morley starts with recovery from illness at the age of 14. Ants crawled up the tree he was sitting under, and his interest led to research. His book introduces us to ant history and anatomy, ant habits and senses, and the 27 varieties of ants to be found in Britain. Some of them—the Common Red Ant and the Black Lawn Ant—we all know; others may tempt us to discovery by such names as Erratic, Square-shouldered, Elegant Red, and Blood-red Slave-maker. The distribution of these is given in a series of shaded maps, and the illustrated Identification Key in an appendix, together with the descriptions, will enable anyone to distinguish kinds and collect ants, living or dead. By the way, when does an ant become British? That world-conqueror *Iridomyrmex humilis* invaded these shores many years ago, but remains the "Argentine Ant," unlisted among Mr. Morley's 27. It is, he remarks, very common in hot-houses here, and has found an abode in "ordinary houses in Eastbourne", rendering them, one imagines, far from ordinary.

As a brief, very readable, and up-to-date classifications, this book is a great improvement on the unwieldy Donisthorpe. Its more general account of ant nature and behaviour is somewhat disappointing. Mr. Morley gives us some account of his own experiments, which seem to prove the ability of ants to find their way by memory of direction, and also a higher ability in some ants than in others from the same nest. These superiors lead the way, he suggests, or start the necessary job, and the rest follow. But he dismisses the problem of communication altogether too easily, with the words "empathy" and "excitement centre." What is this "empathy" which not only enables a community to work efficiently but brings out marriage flights from a whole neighbourhood on the same sultry afternoon? Mr. Morley doesn't even put the question. Indeed to read him—a pleasure in itself—one might think that little remained to be discovered about ant behaviour, whereas the truth is rather that everything remains.

The Pre-Raphaelites in Literature and Art. By D. S. R. WELLAND. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

In 200 pages Dr. Welland tries to give a pictorial and literary anthology of Pre-Raphaelite achievement, to discuss its aims and methods, and to exemplify contemporary criticism of the movement. The most coherent and articulate artistic "movement" ever to take shape in a country individualistic almost to the point of anarchy, it is the ideal subject for a book of this scope. None of its achievements, literary or artistic, is of major importance; yet the movement as a whole was neither ridiculous, despite its comic features, nor dull, despite its self-conscious earnestness. Dr. Welland has done the work of selection with skill and taste. His book can be recommended both to students and to general readers in search of a fuller understanding of Victorian culture. Through its pages we can see Pre-Raphaelitism from the inside, savouring on the one hand the serious appreciation of Walter Pater or William Bell Scott, and on the other the moral indignation of Dickens or the full-throated obloquy of Robert Buchanan.

The editor is too just a critic either to overrate the achievements of the Brotherhood or to write of them in the tone of amused superiority sometimes adopted by critics of Victorian culture. His introduction might have been fuller; the reader is entitled to some general account of the origins of the movement, and it is not quite fair simply to refer him to the bibliography. It would have been interesting to know, for instance, how much Dr. Welland considers Pre-Raphaelite poetry owed to *Christabel* and *The Eve of St. Agnes*. Mention might also have been made of the influence of the Oxford Movement. But in confining himself to facts and illustration, and avoiding speculation, Dr. Welland has, perhaps wisely, provided students with the material for making their own judgments.

Angela Burdett-Coutts and the Victorians. By CLARA BURDETT PATTERSON. *Murray.* 18s.

When the Duchess of St. Albans died in 1837 Miss Angela Burdett, at the age of twenty-three, became overnight the greatest heiress in England; for the Duchess at the last minute had bequeathed her entire fortune, derived from Coutts's Bank, to her step-grand-daughter. The girl's father, Sir Francis Burdett, was so infuriated by the terms of the will that he turned his daughter out of his house at an hour's notice; and she and her old governess had to creep into the empty Coutts mansion in Piccadilly for shelter and sleep in what blankets they could find. Other gentlemen, however, greeted this sudden influx of £80,000 a year with more equanimity. For many years to come Miss Burdett-Coutts found herself constantly waylaid by aspiring fortune-hunters with proposals to make. The governess became adept at handling the situation: she withdrew from the room leaving the door open and waited to hear Miss Coutts give a cough, at which signal she re-entered to usher the disappointed suitor off the premises. But, as this book reveals, there was one gentleman at that time whom Miss Coutts would gladly have married, had he been of the same mind; and that was the great Duke of Wellington, when he was nearly eighty!

Eventually she did find a partner to suit her. When she was nearly seventy herself she proposed marriage to a young man forty years her junior, and never had cause to regret it.

The life which Mrs Patterson has written of her famous great-aunt suffers from an excess of family piety. Even the very rich must have characters; yet no attempt has been made to plumb that of Miss Coutts, who must have been a strong-minded and remarkable woman, quite apart from the accident of wealth that befell her. The letters to her from Dickens and Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, which Mrs. Patterson prints, prove that beyond a doubt. But it is the previously unpublished correspondence from Wellington to Miss Coutts for which every admirer of the Duke will be eternally grateful to Mrs. Patterson. In particular, the letter in which he refuses her offer of marriage is a model of tact and consideration. He may have been deaf and doddery in old age; but he never lost his ability to master an awkward situation.

A History of Fashion. By DOUGLAS GORSLINE. *Batsford.* 63*s.*

In America, where there are museums of costume richer and finer than anything we have to show, the study of costume is correspondingly serious and intense. Innumerable books are published by innumerable experts, and no doubt there are degrees and doctorates in costume to be achieved by students of progressive universities. All the more strange, then, that Messrs. Batsford, with their superlatively high standard, should have chosen to publish expensively an American book which, though full of earnest goodwill and containing eighteen hundred illustrations, falls so far below the best of which American scholarship in this field is capable.

Mr. Gorsline, the author, has had the simplifying idea that the whole history of fashion, from the golden age of Greece to the present day, can be presented in scrap-book form, by pages of dated pictures. This is not a bad idea, perhaps, for schools, or for the popular illustrator who wants to look up something in a hurry; but it is bound to be superficial in the extreme unless the illustrations are of good quality and supported by a plentiful explanatory text. Alas, Mr. Gorsline's eighteen hundred illustrations, all by his own hand, are deplorable in quality, and the text is woefully insufficient. There is no index and no glossary (what, in heaven's name, is a "sod-house settler"?—and how can one envisage a farthingale when it is described only as "a very ugly garment"?) and the "historical survey" preceding each section is more ornamental than instructive. About a third of the book is concerned with American dress between 1840 and 1880, and those students who wish to be exact about the costume details of punchers, rustlers, top hands, trail drivers and agency Indians, will no doubt find this section useful.

Some Principles of Fiction. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Some years ago Mr. Liddell—at his best, as in *The Last Enchantment*, a novelist of distinction—wrote a little book called *A Treatise on the Novel*. Somewhat governessy in tone, but often possessed also of the practical common sense of the governess through whose hands whole generations of children have passed, it may well have value for many years to come as the expression of an extreme point of view about the novel, for at the back of his mind, and of his theory of fiction, lies an ideal novel that he calls "the pure novel." His theory may be roughly summed up in the following proposition: All fiction ought to aspire to the condition of Miss Compton-Burnett's novels. His new book strikes one as the collected crumbs dropped from the perhaps slightly austere feast that was *A Treatise on the Novel*. Its virtue is exactly that of the chapters on the writing of novels in Trollope's *Autobiography*: there is always the clearest sense that Mr. Liddell's observations are truly a writer's notes on his trade.

The observations, if one is not of his own way of thinking, vary enormously in value. He is admirable, for example, on the parts played by "summary" and "scene" in fiction; his notes on the problems of the novelist at the present time will satisfy only those who agree with the judgment implied in his sentence: "There seems no reason why we should have any higher esteem for writers who want the novel to hold up a faithful glass to the 'bustling, many-sided life' of our own dolorous times": many excellent novelists, including even Henry James in practice, at one point in his career, have believed—mistakenly, perhaps—the function of the novelist to be precisely that. Many of his notes seem to be little more than the subtle examination of undergraduate debating points: for instance, his discussion of such problems as whether a good novel can be a poor work of art and whether it is possible to say something significant and write bad prose. The problems disappear when the words in which they are framed are changed. The book ends with an "appendix" called "Intimations of Immortality," a study of Alain-Fournier. Forrest Reid and Proust. Forrest Reid is a charming writer whom it is easy to overrate, and Mr. Liddell does so.

J. P. Marquand, Esq. By PHILIP HAMBURGER. *Hale.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The *New Yorker* Profile continues to bring forth fresh exotics. Gone are the days when a few thousand words sufficed to etch an Alexander Woollcott or a Raymond Gram Swing in crisp silhouette. Today's profilers are given their heads. Lillian Ross describes the filming of *The Red Badge of Courage* in a serial twice the size of the script itself. Mr. Philip Hamburger casts his portrait of J. P. Marquand "in the form of a novel," modelled on one of his subject's own works.

And a very good novel it makes. Threading a handful of rather contrived flash-backs on to a specimen day of Marquand's life, Mr. Hamburger gives us the salient points in his career: childhood in Delaware, lonely years at Harvard, a spell on the *Boston Evening Transcript*; World War One, the early novels and a first marriage into one of the great Lowell-and-Cabot dynasties. Mr. Hamburger catches the Boston *mystique* admirably, as he does most of Marquand's characteristics and attributes: his memories of a gambling parent, his caginess towards his fellow writers, his Chinese travels and New England pieties. It makes an entertaining story, yet at the end—as at the end of so many *New Yorker* profiles nowadays—we are left feeling pointer-less and cheated. What kind of a man, what kind of a writer, does Mr. Hamburger imagine J. P. Marquand to be? He has more or less answered the first question, but he has wholly shirked the second. Beyond giving us a clever pastiche of Marquand's style and telling us that Mr. Clifton Fadiman has pronounced him to be "the Thackeray of his day," Mr. Hamburger is prepared to go no further. And this, surely, should have been his starting-point.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,219

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet on first looking into any one of the following: Scott-Moncrieff's Proust, Pound's Propertius, Arthur Waley's Chinese Poems, Archer's Ibsen, Gerard Hopkins's Mauriac, Stuart Gilbert's Simenon, Day Lewis's Aeneid, Leishman's Rilke, Dorothy Sayers's Dante or Madrus and Mathers's Arabian Nights. Entries by July 14.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,216

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for up to 16 lines of prayerful verse entreating England's success at Trent Bridge, Lord's, Old Trafford, Headingley, and the Oval.

Report by Thomas Tusher

I have seldom known the hearts of *N.S.* readers to be so unanimously in the right place. The response was fervent, unsophisticated and copious: every petition, however seemingly phlegmatic, carried an underlying note of urgency. There was a wholesome lack of gentlemanly restraint. The Great Umpire was urged to wreak his ju-ju worst (but oh, so casually!) upon the enemy.

> Then make (although we do not seek
> Unfair advantage) Miller weak!
> Extract (without it hurting him)
> From Lindwall his accustomed vim!

pleaded Edward Blishen—by no means the only one. Aid was invoked for pitch, weather, hat-tricks and leg-breaks. Practically every English cap was interceded for personally, though Hackpen's Bunyanesque verses showed a proper sense of who was in fact the hope of Israel:

> Who would true valour see,
> Past all supposal,
> Come now to Heading'ey,
> Lord's or the Oval.
> Forsake your bowling greens,
> Your Cowdray Park and Queen's,
> And learn just what it means
> To be a A. Bedser.

First prize of three guineas to J. P. Stevenson, second prize of two guineas to Rhoda Tuck Pook, and half a guinea each to Leslie Johnson, and Elaine Morgan.

mf Spirit of Grace, pour down thy skill
cr On them and us, that we may rise
Triumphant, yet (*dim*) encourage still
p Their bright colonial enterprise.

mf She-bear in forests of the Tsar
Is not more jealous for her whelp
Than we for the immortal jar;
Spirit of Grace, be thou our help.

The Lord's elect* cry from the past
And blend with ours their urgent song:
p "Take, if you will, our mortal dust
f "But leave the Ashes us among."

p So when, with honour all unstained,
mf To the Plantations they return
f This England's soul shall be retained
Here, in its quintessential urn.

J. P. STEVENSON: from I. Watts

*Those whose portraits hang in the Long Room at Lord's.

Company Meeting

"SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Company, Ltd., was held on June 30th in London.

Sir Frederick Godber, the chairman, in the course of his speech, said: Viscount Weir of Eastwood is by his own desire retiring from the board of your company of which he has been a director since January, 1939. I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing the gratitude of my colleagues and myself for the help and advice which he has so readily made available to us and which his long experience in many industrial spheres has made so valuable.

It is with pleasure that I record that Sir Andrew Agnew this year completes 50 years of service with your company and its associates. We all hope that Sir Andrew will continue to give your company the benefit of his long and varied experience for many years to come.

You will be glad to hear that the Hon. Peter Samuel, who has been a director of your company since 1937, has recently been elected to the Boards of the Shell and Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Companies, in which capacity his wide knowledge of banking and finance will become more closely available to the affairs of our Group. Major Samuel served in the Middle East during the war and was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in action at the Battle of Alamein.

There is one other matter that has occurred since the publication of my statement and that is the honour of Knighthood conferred upon one of our managing directors, The Hon. Francis Hopwood. I am sure you will desire to add your congratulations to those of the Board. It is undoubtedly a well deserved reward for his leadership with the other Managing Directors of the Group and, as in the case of those of us who have been similarly honoured, we may perhaps also look upon it as a recognition of our Group's contribution to the National effort. That it comes in Coronation Year is all the more pleasing.

The report was adopted.

Ye gods who bowled the meteors true
On that celestial crease of night,
Till starry bails and wickets flew
And scattered into shards of light,

Who need no hurry, being given
Eternity to end the match;
Whose boundaries run up to heaven,
Who hold a comet for a catch;

Though we a humbler sport have learned
Ours are the fields that gave it birth:
Let not the honour we have earned
Go to the outfield of the earth!

Ye who can grip the flying suns
And make them Ashes: hear us when
We beg the victory but once
To make us lesser gods. Amen.

RHODA TUCK POOK

Lord, as thou knowest, games have been arranged,
On dates as published in the daily press,
On grounds familiar to thee (since unchanged
From previous series), five in all, no less,
In which our chosen cricketers will go
Against Australia's best. These facts I air,
Not to inform omniscience, but so
That there be no mistaking of my prayer.
Five victories for England is the goal
For which we strive. Let it not be in vain!
Yet should these Aussies get beyond control,
Do not forget the saving gift of rain.
But for the second Test it should be dry,
And England's victory not come too soon.
Monday at 6.19 would suit, for I
Have tickets for the 29th of June.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Oh! Lord of the English, thou knows't I am learning,
When voices are muted by stiff upper lips,
To remember, "It's not my advances they're spurning;
Some point-caver-point must be caught in-the-slips."

When their speeches are curt and their glances are cold,
And none will return me the smile of a friend,
Thou knows't I no longer despair, as of old,
But assume something's wrong at their nursery end—

That rain has stopped play and there's no extra-cover,
And spinners and bowlers are all out of luck,
Or silly-square-leg's had a deep-maiden-over,
And in-for-a-penny was out-for-a-duck,

Or somebody's very-fine-leg is b.w.—
All they are doing is hiding their pain.
But oh! Lord of Lord's, if a stranger may trouble you,
Don't let it happen. Not this year again.

ELAINE MORGAN

CHESS: What Price Tempo?

No. 195

At the recent Ilford Congress it so happened that in the Premier Tournament every one of the seven decided games was won by Black—surely a very exceptional case. But while average tournament results may still be slightly in White's favour—it would be interesting to have some comprehensive statistics—the progress of opening theory during the last decade or two has indubitably strengthened the defence rather than the attack. Yet, it is less than forty years since White's initial advantage and its consistency, particularly in the Ruy Lopez, seemed so disturbing to Alapin and other theorists that they seriously suggested a change of rules and earnestly propounded weighty and quasi-mathematical arguments to prove the blessings of the tempo.

Suppose then, (for the sake of Alapin's argument), that each tempo, i.e. each right to move, consisted of four consecutive moves, White would have an immediate win by Kt-QB3-Kt5-Q6-K8 or by moving the KP and then mating either with Q or B. By reducing this murderous quadruple tempo to a triple one, say P-K4, Q-B3, Kt-QB3, Black would just get one chance for a triple move of his own, but it could not save him from immediate mate by either the White Q or Kt. We have to reduce the tempo to a double-move to give Black the mere semblance of some resistance. Even so, after P-K4, Q-B3 the least that Black must suffer at once is the loss of a piece; to guard against immediate mate, one of his two moves must be Kt-KB3, and White can then play QxKt, Q-QB3. He will have more opportunities for such profitable "tip-and-run raids," and readers might amuse themselves by working out some variations to the bitter and speedy end; they will find that, if Chess were played that way, "Modern Chess Openings" would be a very slim volume, even though containing every conceivable variation, each one leading to White's victory soon after the 10 move. Now we know—or at least we assume—that when reduced to one move the tempo still confers an advantage, however problematical, fleeting, or even dangerous it may turn out to be. In fact, all we really know is that we can't be sure. Here, to prove the point, is an incisive little game.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(11) O-O-O	P-QB4
(2)	P-QB4	P-K3	(12) B-Kt3	P x P
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(13) Kt x P	Kt-KB3
(4)	Q-B2	Kt-B3	(14) B-Q3	Q-R4
(5)	Kt-B3	O-O	(15) B-Kt1	R-Q1
(6)	P-K4	P-Q3	(16) Q-K3	B x Kt
(7)	P-K5	P x P	(17) P x B	Q-R6 ch
(8)	P x P	Kt-Kt5	(18) K-Q2	Kt-Kt4 ch!
(9)	B-B4	Kt-Q5	(19) K-B2	Q-R5 ch
(10)	Q-Q2	P-KB3	(20) K-B1	Q-R6 ch

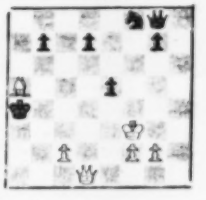
The game was played by Ragosin against Rjumin (Moscow, 1936), and it was certainly a "tempo-struggle" from the frustration of White's P-KR3 (on the 10 move) right up to the final complications. One could even argue that the resulting draw was the logical refutation of White's attempt to utilise his "tempo" on his 7 move. (Obviously, on account of the mating threat, (18) . . . Kt-B4 would not have won the Queen.)

A: Gilg 1927

In every piece of the competition the tempo fittingly plays a vital part. The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White missed the quickest win. How could he have forced a spectacular decision in 4 moves? **B**—White to draw—is a very neat and instructive study by the co-editor of that excellent anthology "1234 Modern Endgame Studies." It should be well worth 6 ladder-points, and **C**—White to win—should be no bargain for 7 points.

B: H. M. Lommer 1927

C: K. A. L. Kubbel 1926



Usual prizes. Entries by July 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 13

A: (1) B-B7 ch, K-R1. (2) B-K8!

B: (1) Kt-QB7, P-B7. (2) Kt-Kt6!, K x Kt. (3) Kt-Q5 ch, K-B1. (4) Kt-K3, K-Q5. (5) Kt-B1, K-Q6. (6) Kt-R2!, K-K7. (7) K-B1, P-B4. (8) K-Q5, P-B3. (9) K-Q4, K-Q7! (10) K-Q5, K-K6. (11) K-K6! etc.

C: (1) R-Kt1!, B x R. (2) Kt-K3 ch, K-B4. (3) Kt-B5, Kt-B7. (4) P-B4 (K-R1) and mates next move.

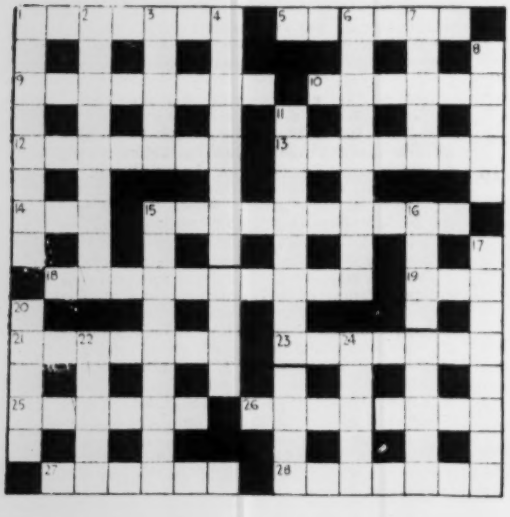
(1) Kt x B merely leads to a draw.
If (1) . . . Kt-KKt6. (2) Kt x B, Kt-B5. (3) Kt x P, K x Kt. (4) Kt-Kt2 ch, K-Q7! (5) R-Q1 ch, K-B7. (6) R-Q3, etc.

Some stumped by **B**, more by **C**. Even so a fairly substantial crop of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, J. B. Cock, A. E. Harris, P. B. Sarson, J. D. Taylor. *Londoners' 9th, majority move Kt x P; Non-Londoners' 10th, due by July 8.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 55: Sport

Prizes. Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 55, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 14th July.



ACROSS

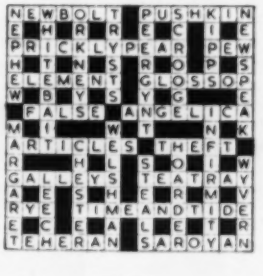
1. One who gives an easy catch for the wicket-keeper (7).
5. Rain brings this Oriental drama (2, 4).
9. Cricketing novelist (8).
10. Fold it is dangerous to leave (6).
12. Back-strokes (7).
13. The Roman as athlete (7).
14. Deny the alternative is a useless test cricketer (3).
15. Teams tack on the French way of riding (10).
18. In gambling clean up what you wager (10).
19. Seymour's castle (3).
21. Fleshy age for a heavyweight? (7).
23. There is always style in this team (7).
25. Games venue in 1948 (6).
26. The supreme enjoyment of an unbeaten performance? (4, 4).
27. A runner fades (6).
28. Attacking movements (7).

DOWN

1. Plants a ground (8).
2. Defeat by one run? (9).
3. Bottom drain out of form (5).
4. For a good view get a place next to an Australian (8, 4).
6. Game tennis player (9).
7. Anxiety of the casual arm-chair critic (5).
8. In this order names may be found in the averages (5).
11. Appropriate award for an earl to have given (8, 4).
15. The famous jockey rode unrecognisably; he may be found in dock (9).
16. Bowlers relish these animal parts (4, 5).
17. Balls for modern dancers? (8).
20. Row head, by the sound of it (5).
22. Shooting distance for most of the team (5).
24. Compete, but fail to go all out? (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 53



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 53

Mrs. K. Snodgrass (Oxted), S. V. J. Scott (Rickmansworth), M. V. Bonyun (London, W.13).

PERSONAL

BOY 8 years needs a happy home life where he would be youngest or only child. If you live in Somerset or near and can help, please write to Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton, for details., incldg. allowances.

PARIS. Australian couple, writers, careful tenants, seek quiet furnished flat, moderate rent, two months from end July. References. Box 383.

UNIV. stud. (21) shs. vac. job now till Aug. 14. Everything consid. Box 321.

SRN seeks holiday post August. Preferably abroad. Companion or Nannie. Fluent German. Anything considered. Box 318.

DISTINGUISHED Parisian family receive few paying guests at their villa in Normandy, overlooking sea. Superb cooking. Excellent opportunity to perfect French. Full board £1 per day. Simonnot, Izel Cottage, Trouville, Calvados.

COTE Basque, Pyrenees, Dordogne, 4 seats vacant. Merry group. July 25, 15 days, £25 incl. PRI. 7523 or Box 435.

YOUNG man, 24, seeks similar, camping holiday in August or September. Write, Peter Shew, 12a Hillfield Park, London, N.10.

LADY anxious to give daughter (5) good holiday sandy beach, offers services (domestic, secretarial, driving, anything) to friendly family part August, home or abroad. Au pair or reduced rent. Box 433.

1 or 2 seats avail. car touring France, Spain, September, sharing expenses on low budget. Driver if possible. Box 366.

ENGLISHMAN, educated Oxford and Continent, offers English conversation in exchange for Fr., Russ., or German. Box 355.

EX-Serviceman (33) touring Italy by car July 26-Aug. 16 has 3 vacancies. Share expenses. Mech. knowledge an asset. Box 343.

GERMAN official reqs. exchange or accom. for sons aged 16 & 14 English country district summer vacation. Write Dr. Oberlaender, Munich 22, Prinzregentenstrasse 5.

TEACHER, male, 39, wd. welcome ideas August holidays work/play. Box 290.

TEACHER, trained secretary, shs. hol. job August. Anything, anywhere. Box 436.

ARTISTS with truck seek companions tour Dordogne, Lurcat, Lascaux, Paris, Aug. 30, 15 days. £25 approx. S.A.E. Box 438.

YOUNG cyclist, male, seeks companion (m.), 15-17. Shakespeare country, Aug. 29-Sept. 5. Box 256.

GENTLEMEN only: 2 vacancies to complete Anglo-Jewish private party (ages 18-30) Aug. 16, Viareggio, Italy. Box 500.

PARIS boy (21) wishes exch. 1 month's hol. en famille with Londoner. Box 487.

2 seats wanted car going S. France Aug. 1 &/or retn. Sept. 5 approx. Box 474.

LARGE light room (studio?) offered by girl, 24, return help with chdn. 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Pocket money longer hrs. Box 471.

YOUNG woman, experienced in care infants, required to help family in holiday villa Mentone first 3 weeks August. Write immediately: 12 Surrey Court, Broughton Ave., N.3, or 'phone FIN. 7315 evenings.

BACKWARD Child. Classes & treatment in Marylebone for handicapped children of all ages. Partics.: Dr. Mona Rolfe, Ph.D., Flat 1, 27 Holland Park, W.11. Park 8500.

YNG. woman offers serv exch. keep self, small boy, country farm hol. Box 462.

FROM October yng. woman student (qual. teacher) needs part-time work in London. Will exchange for board. Box 448.

25FT converted ship's boat. Sleeps 4. Comfortable not luxurious. Engine sound, needs overhaul. Lying Twickenham. £250, o.n.o. EALing 8853.

"NORSEMAN." Fully equipped 3-berth twin screw yacht. Comfortable sea-going home. £950. Now lying Nice. Box 460.

JEWISH girl, 21, seeks similar for hitch-hiking in France first two weeks in August. MOUntview 9017.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Waverlee Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

YOUR "Sell" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124, New Bond St., London, W.1.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

JULY Holiday? You are still in time for our party to Brittany July 10-22, the Austrian Tyrol July 18, Lake of Thun July 25 or Spanish Pyrenees July 26 from £27 15s. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

GLYNDEBOURNE. The Opera House has more seats and a longer season this year. Contrary to rumour, a few seats are still available for immediate booking for most performances. Apply Glyndebourne, Lewes, Sussex (Ringmer 80); 23 Baker Street, W.1 (WEL. 0577) or agents.

S.C.R. Summer Fair. Warmest thanks to all who worked so hard to make it such a great success.

SPECIAL holidays for teachers and prospective teachers on the Dalmatian Coast and French Riviera arranged with the Yugoslav N.U.T. and La Ligue Française de l'Enseignement. Further details on request from: Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (NUI), 66 Paddington St. London, W.1. WEL. 9935/6.

PADDINGTON 6.5, Reading, Kemp's bus to Braziers Lane, dinner at 8. Write for programmes: Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

SPAIN: would car party take one passenger (man), sharing cost, to Seville or any Spanish town, leaving August 29-31? Dyer, HAM. 3388.

TASTE the fabulous Chartreuse Liqueurs at their birthplace, the historic distillery in France where monks still follow their 300-year-old formula. For directions and pass write Box 217.

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PAYING Guests taken for the Summer in private house, South of France. Large grounds, complete privacy, beautiful view. Write: Karolyi, Le Vieux Mas, Vence/A.M./France.

GO abroad in driven 8-seater saloon, 6d./km. and £2/day. Box 88.

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FINHAUT, most beautiful Swiss Village near Mont Blanc. Ideal quiet holiday. Hotels from 20s. to 25s. daily inclusive. British representative: C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Telephone 256.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: Hol. 8193).

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

INDEPENDENCE Day for the photographer is the day he changes to Ferrania—the film that guarantees the best results.

COACHING offered in legal subjects or for Law Exams. Apply Box 411.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, W.C.2. Send S.A.E. for programme. Spain £33; France £17; Yugoslavia from £29; for 2 weeks inclusive.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

NEWLAND'S Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

GENOA, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Paris. A leisurely small party tour for the lover of beauty. 1st deps. June 28 and Aug. 2, 15 days, 49gns. Mr. North, c/o Allways, 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

PERSONAL—continued

HOUSE Party Holidays! Enjoy an informal holiday in a friendly international atmosphere. Bathing, tennis, foreign language practice. Special family reductions. Centres: Winkfield Place near Windsor, Seaford (Sussex) or Cornwall. Fully inclusive from £8 5s. per week. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CHALLENGE to Britain is a personal challenge to all socialists. New Statesman readers can discuss it at Fabian Summer Schools August 15/September 5. Particulars from Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1.

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CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS27), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

A FEW vacancies, chiefly for gentlemen, in Swiss & Austrian tours. Air travel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

CHILDREN'S House party at Weymouth, July 25-August 22. Brochure, Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49 Coborn Rd., E.3.

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INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp, Yugoslavia. Finest and cheapest holiday available this year on Adriatic coast. July 26-August 9, £23. Closing date: July 11. Details from I.U.S.Y. (See below).

INTERNATIONAL Union of Socialist Youth also offers holiday camps, centres, summer courses and festivals in many countries abroad. Full programme from I.U.S.Y., 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

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PSYCHOLOGIST, Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Prv. lessons/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. "Weeping, wailing & gnashing of teeth"! Not Your teeth, I trust, and this may yet be avoided by writing immediately for Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme. Still a few vacancies in courses at Universities of Rome, Barcelona, Vienna, Innsbruck (Mayrhofen), Lausanne and Zagreb.

P.P.S. The sands are running out—tomorrow may be too late. The address is 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, the telephone number is Harrow 1040.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. July issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

CONTENTS of July "Plebs." "The Gold Coast Revolution" by Fenner Brockway, M.P.: "The Facts about McCarthy" by Raymond Fletcher; "Dark Days in the Pits" by J. L. Williams; "Plain Budgets for Plain People" by John Bright; The N.C.L.C. in Conference; "This Wicked World" by J. F. M. Millar; "Trade Union Education." "Plebs" costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. p. yr. From the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"FORCED Labour in the United States," by U.S. author Stetson Kennedy. 3rd impression now ready. Factual exposure of plight of over five million foreign workers and native Americans.—Does U.N.O. Report Whitewash U.S.A.? Judge for yourself. 10 pages, 8 striking illustrations. 3d. per copy, plus postage, from: W.F.T.U. Publications, Ltd., 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, London, W.C.2.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GUITAR Lover. The finest way to learn how to accompany songs on the guitar is to read "Tips for Troubadours" by Radio and TV artist John Gavall; just published, price 5s. And you will find a ready-to-play repertoire of English and American Folksongs in Gavall's series "Favourite Songs with Guitar Accompaniments," price 1s. 6d. each. Obtainable through your local music shop.

OUT-OF-PRINT Books found; New Books quickly supplied. Wanted: Transition, Horizon, Partisan & Little Reviews, Penguin New Writing & similar Periodicals. Runs and odds. Libraries & Review books purchased. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46a Highgate High St., London, N.6. MOU. 7244.

"THE Crown and the Cash."—Common-sense about the Monarchy. Sixpenny pamphlet by Emrys Hughes, M.P., from Housman's Bkshop., 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

BOOKS that matter on Economics are the speciality of the Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

ALL good books; socialist literature, Penguins, Horizon, Reprint Soc., bought. Hammer-smith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

HISTORY, literature, politics & kindred subjects. Good prices paid for books in all languages. Fellner, 28 Museum Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 4205.

NIMRODS, The Only Book Hunters solely engaged in tracing Out-of-Print & Scarce Books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 5 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the King-ton Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold.—Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interest. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tuns, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

THE Temple Fortune Bookshop specialises in Maps and Guides. But we have a nice selection of books to interest the collector, the gardener, and the lover of good food. Please come and see for yourself. Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Rd., S.W.3.

READERS' MARKET

FOR sale: "New Statesman" 1952, complete, offers? Baldina Camera, 1.2.9. Ever-ready case, £9; Linguaphone Set of Portuguese Records, complete and immaculate, 9gns./near offer; Tape Recorder, excellent condition, many extras, offers; Botteghe Oscure, complete.

WANTED: Elizabeth Taylor's "A View of the Harbour," pubd. Peter Davies; Handbook Marxism, Trotsky's History.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Adelaide. The University is now dividing into two its Department of Organic and Inorganic Chemistry, and applications are invited for the Chair of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry. Salary: £1,850 a year, with superannuation benefits similar to F.S.S.U. Policies held in the United Kingdom under the F.S.S.U. Scheme may be transferred to this University. In addition, there is a cost-of-living allowance, which is at present £228 a year, and is subject to quarterly variations. Duties: The Professor will be responsible for the teaching of and research in, Inorganic and Physical Chemistry in the Department of Chemistry of which the Professor of Chemistry, Professor A. Killen Macbeth, is the present administrative head. Terms of appointment: The general conditions of appointment will be the same as for the other Professors in the University. Detailed particulars will be supplied on request to the Registrar or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Study leave: Study leave is regarded as important and each application is considered on its merits, within the resources of a study leave fund. The general terms on which study leave is given are full salary, a grant of £A400 for fares overseas, special travel approved in advance, and a weekly living allowance. Special interests: The appointment will be made on general academic distinction and teaching ability with no special preference between the fields of Inorganic or Physical Chemistry, but candidates are asked to specify the special field in which they are interested. Applications: Applications, in duplicate, giving particulars of age and academic qualifications, together with a recent photograph, a medical certificate of health and the names and addresses of two referees, of whom confidential enquiries may be made, should reach the undersigned not later than August 31, 1953. A separate statement may be obtained from the Registrar, and the University will gladly supply any further information desired by a prospective candidate. The Calendar of the University may be consulted in the library of any University in Australia, New Zealand or the United Kingdom. A. W. Bampton, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

THE University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in the University Department of Medicine. Duties will include research, teaching and clinical work in the University and in the Professorial unit of the Royal Adelaide Hospital. Candidates should hold a Higher Medical qualification, and some research experience would be an advantage. The salary scale for the appointment is £1,250 per annum plus a cost of living allowance, which is at present £236 12s. per annum. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties as soon as possible after appointment and in any case, not later than January 1, 1954. A superannuation scheme corresponding to F.S.S.U. is available. Promotions depend upon merit and accomplishment rather than on seniority. Study leave is regarded as important. Detailed terms of appointment will be supplied on request to the Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications: Applications in duplicate must include particulars of age, nationality, academic record, teaching qualifications, war service (if any) and present position; a list of publications (if any); copies of testimonials; the names and addresses of two referees of whom confidential enquiries may be made; a recent photograph; and a medical certificate of good health; and should reach the undersigned not later than August 31, 1953. A. W. Bampton, Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower Street, W.C.1), requires Temporary Assistant Lecturer or Temporary Lecturer in Dept of French. Duties to commence October 1, 1953. Salary £800-£900, according to qualifications and experience. Applicants must have specialised in French Language or Literature of the Renaissance period. Applications to be received by July 17, should be sent to the Secretary, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1953, for one year only to an Assistant Lectureship or Lectureship in Political Science. Salary £800-£900 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than July 16, 1953, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

FINANCE Officer required for London office of international voluntary organisation, to commence Sept. 1. Salary by arrangement, but necessarily limited. Please apply for particulars and applic. forms to Box 497.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIAN Broadcasting Commission. Producer of Drama and Features—Victoria. The Australian Broadcasting Commission invites applications for appointment to the position of Producer of Drama and of Feature programmes on the staff of the Victorian Branch of the Commission in Melbourne. The successful applicant will be appointed at a salary according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,214-1,428 (to which is at present added a cost-of-living adjustment of £A192 per annum). Applicants should state age and nationality and furnish full particulars of experience in broadcasting and qualifications as a producer. Duties will include producing serials, plays, and special features as required. Applicants should possess a good knowledge of the history of drama and developments in radio drama and have had experience in studio production technique and in editing and adaptation of plays. An understanding of radio writing in regard to both features and plays is desirable. Copies only of references should be forwarded. Applications, which close on July 24, 1953, should be addressed to the Assistant Controller of Administration (Personnel), Australian Broadcasting Commission, Box 487, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as monitors in Spanish, Portuguese, Turkish, Russian, Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian, at Reading. Duties consist of reporting on radio transmissions in these languages. Qualifications: sound knowledge of current political affairs, preferably from first-hand experience of revelant countries, idiomatic knowledge of the foreign language and good command of English, perfect hearing and ability to type. Starting salary £590 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £800 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "L.M., N.Stn." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

LONDON Museum: Research Assistant Grade II. The Civil Service Commissioners and the Trustees of the Museum invite applications for a pensionable post. Age at least 22 and under 26 on July 1, 1953; extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and up to two years for other Forces service. Candidates should normally possess (or obtain in the summer of 1953) a University degree (preferably in history or classics). The main duties will be concerned with the early archæological collections (Prehistoric—Roman). Inclusive salary: Men £385 (age 22) to £586; Women £379 (age 22) to £490. Thence to scale £628—£786 (men), £533—£655 (women). Starting salary according to age up to £495 (men), £467 (women) at age 26. Application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4223/53. To be returned by July 23, 1953.

AVONCROFT College Survey. A young man required to carry out a general survey of North Worcestershire. No technical qualifications needed, but tact, good observation and some knowledge of rural problems. The survey will include agricultural conditions, social customs, education, health facilities and co-operative organisations. Applicants should state experience, salary required and if connected with any co-operative or other society. Apply to the Warden, Avoncroft College, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

COLEG Harlech. Applications invited for Assistant Tutorship (for man or woman) in Philosophy and Psychology, duties commencing at the end of September. Knowledge of Welsh essential. Particulars from the Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Two Children's Visiting Officers (Female). Applications are invited for the above appointments for responsible work under the Children Act, from women preferably with previous experience and/or Social Science qualification or Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary scales £465 to £510, £495 to £540 according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom applications should be returned by July 18. Canvassing disqualifies. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited for appointment as Full time Club Leader to the Colville House Youth Club from September 1, 1953. The Club is well established and has attractive premises with own grounds and separate living accommodation for Leader (suitable for one or two persons). Membership 70-80 boys and girls, 15-21. Essential qualifications are experience in Club leadership, and teacher or approved Youth Leadership training. Salary according to Burnham Scale for Teachers. Form of application with full particulars can be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, 49, High Street, Lowestoft, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, to be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. J. H. Slatcher, Borough Education Officer.

WANTED by professional trade union office in West End: (1) Shorthand typist, age 21-25; (2) Copy typist, age 18-20. Grading scheme and T.U. rates. 5-day week. Holiday this year. Apply A.Sc.W., 15, Half Moon Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding-out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £570 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than July 13, 1953. Canvassing forbidden.

TUBERCULOSIS—London County Council invites applications from holders of a certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of Sociology who have practical experience in social work for engagement as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Stepney Chest Clinic, Steel's Lane, Devonport Street, E.1. Salary scale £480—£600. Duties, social and secretarial work for the local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars on application form obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer (Health Division 5), 273, Bancroft Road, E.1, for return by July 18. (692).

LONDON County Council. Boarding Special Schools—Headships. Headmaster/Headmistress and Matron. Palingswick House School, 241, King Street, Hammersmith, W.6, a boarding school for 63 educationally sub-normal girls of secondary age. Vacancies now for: Headmistress—Burnham Group II (S). Head's allowance £100 plus S.S. addition and London Allowance and free board, lodging and laundry in return for duties outside school hours and at weekends. Matron—Experience of institutional management and up-to-date methods in child care desirable. Inclusive scale £276 × £18—£348 plus board, lodging and laundry. This is a permanent appointment and supersedes previous advertisement. Persons selected will be appointed jointly, but independent applications are invited. Shaftesbury House School, Royston, Hertfordshire, a new boarding school for 40 maladjusted boys, mainly of secondary age. Required in October, 1953: Headmaster—Burnham Group II (S). Head's allowance £110 plus S.S. addition (no London Allowance) and free board, lodging and laundry in return for duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Matron—Qualifications and salary as for Palingswick House. Persons selected will be appointed jointly and may be husband as headmaster with wife as matron. Independent applications are invited. Further particulars and application forms from the Education Officer (T.S.10), County Hall, S.E.1. Persons who have recently completed applications for similar posts in boarding special schools may apply by letter. Closing date July 15. (707).

APPROVED Schools—Deputy Headmaster (resident) reqd., Ardale Approved School, Stifford, nr. Grays, Essex, acc. 124 boys (15-17 years) following appt. of previous holder to a headship. Applicants should be fully qualified teachers, preferably exped. in similar work. Burnham salary scale, plus three increments and responsibility allowance of £75. Unfurnished house, fuel, light and water provided for married man; board, lodging and laundry for single man. Send s.a.e. (or application form to Children's Officer (CH/A2/343), County Hall, S.E.1.

CHILDREN'S Homes. Assistant House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work with boys and girls. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £25 per month less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CASEWORKER, Woman, not under 25, wanted September for general Settlement Work. Apply in writing giving full particulars to Warden, Bishop Creighton House, 378 Lillie Road, London, S.W.6.

WOMAN columnist (weekly) sought by national newspaper. Style: unconventional but not forced; light but not frothy; sophisticated but sympathetic. Interested in personalities. Column must appeal to both sexes in the average British family. Apply Box 408.

PART-time Secretarial Post avail. Sept. 1 with London Junior and Senior Orchestras. Gd. typing and shthnd. essentl. No musical qualific. necessary but interest and some knldge. orchestral works desirable. Apply for details in writing only, Mrs. Read, 151 King Henry's Rd., London, N.W.3.

S.R.N. or S.R.C.N. who can combine sympathetic understanding of the young with good discipline required for interesting post in boarding school on South Coast. Responsibility for School Sick Bay and charge of Junior House (ages 9-12) with Matron's duties. Assistance given. Box 505.

YOUNG woman, waiting to take up hospital nursing or teaching, wanted for mod. Jewish Day Nursery. Apply O.S.E. Nursery, 109-111 Stamford Hill, London, N.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUNG Economics Graduate required for interesting work weekly paper dealing with colonial affairs. Work includes research. Overseas travel prospects. Applications closed July 18. Box 364.

AUTHOR writing travel books requires athletic secretary fond of the open air. Box 389.

BOOKSELLER (2nd hand/antique). N. Lond., needs lady assistant. Shop or lending lib. exp. an advantage., gd. typg. essentl. Please state age, exp., sal. reqd. Box 455.

SHORTHAND Secretary wanted for small Office near London Bridge. 9-5, no Saturdays. Congen. atmosphere; knowledge German advant. 'Phone after 7 p.m. PRI. 1144.

SEC. sh./typist, permanent, to Manager old est. publishers. Age, exp. to Box 477.

THE Irving Theatre Club requires part-time Box Office Assistant, evenings only. 17 Irving Street, Leicester Square.

WANTED urgently, full-time secretary/shorthand-typist for Architect's pleasant office in St. John's Wood. Box 421.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

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MARRIED women with secretarial training can obtain temporary positions with short hours. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 18 Parliament Street, S.W.1. WHI. 0606, and 2 Broad Street Place, E.C.2. LON. 5397.

INTELLIGENT, personable Nannie/Mother's Help required for three school-children aged 10, 8 and 4½. Comfortable, congenial home: modern flat. Please telephone Rayne, Hendon 3665.

TWO girls students required for the summer season. Woodlands Holiday Camp, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

CHAMBERMAIDS. Two required for Season. Suit Domestic Science students. Russell Hotel, Bognor Regis.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BERLIN post-graduate (f.), 27, Engl., French, Russian, spec. modern literature, typist, able to teach, translate, and interpret, liter. interests, good manners, sks. position, travelling convenient. Box 396.

MAN, 34, wide and varied experience book-publishing, editing, publicity, printing production, commerce, now assistant manager important publishing house, sks. position offering greater opportunities his abilities and energy. Salary commensurate wife, two children. Box 499.

GERMAN, 40, London M.A., 20 years this country, exper. university lecturing, teaching, research, transl., admin., agric. Interested literature, politics, psychol., seeks post England or abroad. Box 371.

WHERE are work, prospects and good pay for ex-Public Schoolboy, 40? Hard worker, exp. antiques & house-restoring, well travelled. With or without well-educated Continental wife. Anything, anywhere. Box 348.

28-Year-old writer with London and overseas exper. seeks editorial/copywriting work. University education. Box 134.

POST requiring initiative and hard work, any country. Undergraduate Durham and Paris universities. Box 356.

YOUNG educated lady seeks opportunity to travel abroad, accompanying family or secretarial or nannie's position. Free October. Box 367.

YNG. woman, 22, B.A., sec. training, interested Art, Liter., desires post unconnected with industry. Home/abrd. Box 473.

ED. yng. lady (ex-serv.) sks. post. Exp. driving/s. typ. Intstd. travel. Box 377.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE Australian National University, Canberra. Scholarships. Applications are invited from postgraduate students with research experience for Scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Far Eastern History, Geography, International Relations, Law, Pacific History, Political Science including Public Administration, Social Philosophy, Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. The Scholarship tenure is for a period of two to three years. The present value of a Scholarship is £A624 10s p.a. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £Stg.75 towards a scholar's fares to and from Canberra. Application forms and further information may be obtained from The Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications should be submitted to the Registrar, The Australian National University, by August 31, 1953. (R. A. Hohnen), Registrar.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

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A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

LOVELY grd.-flr. flat, off 88 bus, Stamford Brook, W.12. New furniture and dec. Dble.-bedrm. (2 divans); lounge; bkfst.-rm./kitchen; w.c.; bathrm.; Ascot; own meters; garden; no 'phone as yet; 5gns. weekly. Suit quiet refined couple or 2 ladies w. first-cl. ref. Long let prefd. For inform. 'phone Park 4617, 10-1, 4-6, weekdays.

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SHARE pleasant country home, large garden, E. Anglia offered: might suit writer—woman & child—or woman. Box 493.

SERVICE rooms, Chelsea. Fully furn., central heating, C.h.w., bed and breakfast from 3½gns. per week. FLA. 7755.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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CHELSEA Studio to let: large s/c studio, well-furn. Ideal writer/prof. man or woman. Has own phone extension. Fitted basin. Gas fires, etc. 5gns. incl. el. ht. & cleaning of studio daily. Apply Housekeeper, 55 Oakley St., Chelsea, S.W.3. Tel. FLA. 5645.

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CORNWALL. Pretty furn. cottage, sleep 5, all mod. cons. Betw. Truro-Falmouth. Until Aug. 15 from Sept. 12. MEA. 3783.

CARAVAN, sleep 3, 2 compartments. Farm by sea, Whitby. 4/5gns. Box 446.

SOMERSET, near Wincanton: Civilised all-elec. farm cottage, sleep 4/5, service avail.; free most of summer, 4½ to 6gns. wk. according circumstances. Box 38.

TO let partly furnished for 3 months or longer period, 5-room cottage adjoining farmhouse, S.E. Essex, 25 m. London. All mod. conv. 2½gns. a week. Hawkins, The Priory, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

TO let 2 wks. Aug. 8-22 inc., teacher's mod. detached house, Chiltern Hills, con. London. 5½gns. p.w. inc. Cholesbury 282.

FURN. Welsh Seaside cottage, sleep 6, mod. cons., till Aug. 15 & after Sept. 5. £8 8s. Ditto sleep 4, from July 18, £6 6s. Chalet, sleep 2, till July 25, after Sept. 5, £3 3s. Sewell, Tanybryn, Aberayron, Cardiganshire. 'Phone Aberayron 237.

TEACHER reqs. b/sit. rm. nr. Univ. Sept/June. No service. Box 362.

RESIDENTIAL Hotel or Club (Mixed): accommodation wanted by professional man of 40 with young outlook. Box 281.

COUPLE-to-be seek furn. flat, kitchen, Inner London, by Sept. Box 260.

YOUNG woman reqs. part/unfurn. accom., preferably small flat. Box 192.

SOUTH African Indian (27) urgently reqs. furn. accom. for 3 months or more nr. Baker St. Station. TER. 1097.

DANISH Architect and his wife staying in London for studies require double bed-sitting room from August 4 to middle of September. Please write: Fleming Nielsen, 27 Sönderlundsvej, Herlev, Denmark.

WANTED: Single Studio Flat, Central/S.W. Area. Reasonable rent. Box 191.

UNIV. Lect. shs. s./c. unfurn. accom. (house/flat) London; wd. purchase contents. Any area. Intstd. all offers. Box 316.

YOUNG student (22) requires from September 1 for about a year, a furnished room (central heating), bath, breakfast; use of good piano at reasonable hours essential. London area. Box 393.

COTTAGE, decrepit, wntd. by writer. Sthn. area. Martin, 85a Ebury St., S.W.1.

HARVARD teacher seeks furnished house in Oxford for 10 months from September, 4 bedrooms. Write S. H. Beer, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

FURN. house country, reas. reach schools, reqd. by lady with 3 children, girls 14, 13, boy 9, or would share house with prog. family and co-operate (cooking/housekeeping, etc.). Suggestions: Box 430.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

IF you're a visitor to England don't leave until you've sampled the joys of country life. The Old Plaw Hatch on the edge of the Ashdown Forest gives English cooking at its best—Kathleen Batten herself being responsible for the pleasure of your palate. Phone Sharpthorne 17 for reservations.

DEVON, Coombe Cross Hotel. Edge of Dartmoor. Ideal touring centre. Easy distance from sea; excellent food, comfort, secluded garden. Bovey Tracey 217611.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Jersey herd. Remarkably sheltered. Book now for September, October and November when "Indian Summer" weather lovely & sea warm. Log fires. Open all year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Excellent cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. T.V., games room, billiards. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

CHAGFORD, Devon. An endless variety of wonderful Dartmoor scenery. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Mod. amenities. Cocktail Bar, Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gardens, Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. Summer 7-9gns. inclusive.

BLUE Idol Guest House, William Penn associations, modern amenities, beautiful surroundings. Apply The Wardens, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

THAMES. Croft House, Burcot, near Abingdon, for a perfect river holiday. Oxford 8 miles. Boating, fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Clifton Hampden 232.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17s. 6d. per week inclusive. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A quiet country house in secluded grounds. Individual attention, every comfort. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Tel. 3155.

HOLIDAYS: When in doubt, read the Continental's illustrated brochure. Happy Time with "Square Deal and Cordiality." 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

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COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, large garden, peaceful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath. Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 265).

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CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

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OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7gns. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. 'Phone 2621.

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LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2354.

AUSTRIA. Hotels from 12s. daily incl. Lan. 6035 or write Box 463.

MONTREUX, 86 Av. des Alpes. Dbl. b'rm. lake vw. salon. K. & b. 400 Fr. p.m.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

NOW booking for Sept. and Oct., the best months on the Costa Brava. Some vacancies till July. 120 pesetas, no extras. John Langdon-Davies, San Feliu de Guixols, Prov. de Gerona, Spain.

VILLAGES Magiques: £39 for 2 weeks in Sicily via Paris, Rome, Pompeii. Enqs. C.I.T. (England), Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1.

PARIS. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux*, Latin Quarter. 350-600frs. nightly. H.C. Bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. Eng. spoken. 28 rue de la Montagne, Ste. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro. Maubert-Mutualité.

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GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

MERMAID on Royal Exchange (Man. 7516). Bernard Miles in "Macbeth." Mon., Wed. & Fri., 6 p.m. Tues. & Thurs., 8.15 p.m. Sat., 2.30 & 8.15 p.m. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE Festival. Morley College Actors in "Love's Labour's Lost," at the George Inn Courtyard, Southwark. 2 mins. London Bridge Stn. July 6-11 at 7.30 p.m. Matinee 11th at 3 p.m. Adm. free, seats 2s. 6d. (unbookable).

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Arms and the Man," with Alec Clunes, and "The Bespoke Overcoat." "Beautifully played." Dly. Sketch Mems.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391). Last 2 weeks Sean O'Casey's "Three in a Row." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Members 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. From July 7 for one week only, evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 6.30. "Red Oleanders," by Rabindranath Tagore. Membership 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Nightly at 10.30 (Sunday 9.30), a Saucy Satirical Revue. Membership 5s. yearly.

DAS Kommödchen (The Artists' Theatre of Düsseldorf), in "More Whisky—Less Vodka," a new literary revue in German, under the patronage of Peter Ustinov. Last days Fri., July 3, Sat. 4, Sun. 5, at 7.30 p.m., at the Park Lane Theatre, 45 Park Lane, W.1. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Box Office, Grosvenor 7715.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 5: Raimu in "La Femme du Boulanger" (A). From July 6: "Farrebique" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 5, 7.30 "Birth of a Nation" (U). (Amer.)

"BATTLE of Stalingrad," Part II, at Friends' House, Euston Rd. (opp. Euston Station), Saturday, July 11, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Ceylon Students' Committee.

ASIAN Film Society, formed to promote cultural understanding of and with the people of Asia through the medium of films. Next presentation, Indian social film, "Sheesh Mahal" (Glass Palace), synopsis in English, on July 9, 7.30 p.m., at Scala Theatre, for members and their guests only. Apply for membership (5s. per year) and tickets 5s. and 3s. to A. F. S., c/o Racial Unity, 33 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League. Dance. Sat., July 4, 7.30-11. St. Mary's Church Hall, 34 Crawford St., Marylebone (nr. Classic Cin., Baker St.) W.1. Tkts. 3s.

DANCING, pleasant atmosphere at The Blue Danube Club, 153 Finchley Road, N.W.3, every Sat. & Sun., 8.30-12. Mems.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre Association. Garden Party on July 4 at 2.30 p.m., at 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. (Holland Park Underground.) Jumble Sale, Produce Stall and Tombola. Film shows at 3, 4 and 5 p.m. Teas at 1s. 6d. Come and bring your friends. Tel.: Park 7222.

UNITY Theatre's Garden Fete, July 4. Entrance 6d. Children 3d. 3 p.m.-6 p.m. ending with Dancing to a band 7.30 p.m.-11 p.m. 2s. Delightful afternoon & evg. for all. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

CONCERTS

28TH Haslemere Festival. July 11 to 18. Director: Carl Dolmetsch. Concerts of Early Music. Lectures and Exhibitions of instruments. Details: Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., or Haslemere Hall Tel. 361. Tkts. 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. Hourly trains from Waterloo.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

ROYAL Tombs at Westminster Abbey. An Exhibition of Photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes July 4. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission free.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

BRITISH Life. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till July 11. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) Drawings and Watercolours and James Gillray (1757-1815) Coloured Engravings. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition (Chagall, Degas, Manet, Modigliani, Monet, Rouault, Sickert, etc.). Daily (except Sat.) 11-6, Wednesdays 7-10 p.m., Sundays 2-6. Until July 12. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students 9d.).

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Graphic Work of J. Braque.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Oils by John Leech, Peter Midgley, Hazel Ward. Until July 11.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., 4 Exhibitions—Epstein, Simon Bussy, Derek Hill, Mary Potter. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Last 3 days.

ROYAL College of Art Coronation Year Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. July 11-August 9, inc. 10-6 weekdays and Saturdays; 2.30-6 Sundays. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt (1845-1927) 25 paintings and pastels. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

SOVIET Book Exhibition, Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Minority language books now arrived. Exhibition extended to July 11. Open daily 11-7; Suns. 3-5. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Selected French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Vlaminck, Derain & Souverbie. Last week.

SELECTED English 19th Century Paintings at Green & Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. July 2-30.

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Eleven British Painters—Recent Work. July 3-August 1. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. "Space in Colour": Paintings selected by Patrick Heron. Private View Tuesday, July 7, at 3 o'clock.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CIVIL Rights in Britain and the Colonies. An Address by Leslie Hale, M.P., Haldane Society Meeting, Wed. July 8, 7.15 p.m., at Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4. All welcome.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. The Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson will speak on his Trade Talks in Moscow. Thursday, July 9, at 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Kindly reserve your seats, Welbeck 0136. N.B.—Our next Inter-Mthly. mtg., July 15.

PETER Benenson reports from Spain on "Courts-martial of Spanish Democrats." All welcome on Monday, July 6, 8.15 p.m., at "The Feathers" Hotel, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1. Org. by Executive Staffs No. 1, the A.S.S.E.T. Branch for managers and executives in industry and commerce.

ALL Nations Social Club Parliamentary Debate; motion: "That this House has no confidence in the Labour Party's policy of Nationalisation." Proposer: Rt. Hon. Viscount Davidson, P.C.G., C.V.O. (Cons.). Opposer: Rt. Hon. Alfred Robens, M.P. (Labour), Monday, July 6, at 8 p.m. at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (off Oxford St., opposite Selfridges). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door. (Non-members may listen, vote in division, and those who wish, participate in debate).

VICTORY for Socialism Conference. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Bob Edwards. "For Democratic Socialism and Peace," Sat., July 4, 2.45, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Labour Party mems. only, 1s. 6d. at door.

"MAKING Deserts Bloom," Dr. D. M. Ross on Soviet biology. Tues., July 7, 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3, 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

ILLUSTRATED Lecture. At the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. On Thursday, July 9, at 8.15 p.m. By Dr. Vladimir de Souza, the well-known authority on Brazilian Architecture. Chair: P. J. Marshall. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

LECTURE: At the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1, on Tuesday, July 7, 8.15. "The Theatre in Relation to the Contemporary Arts" by Hugh Hunt. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

SHAW Society presents Ernestina Perea: Mexican songs in national costume (with guitar & piano); City Lit. Institute, Stukeley St., Drury Lane, Tues. July 14, 7 p.m. Adm. free (mems. & friends); apply 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

MISS Vera Brittain on "Autobiography in Literature," Friday, July 10 at 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. London Branch. Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

MARCUS Sims: Existentialism. New Generation Group of Hamp. Ethical Soc., Studio Hse., 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., nr. Belsize Park Stn., Mon., July 6 at 8.

PEGASUS Theatre Society. Sun., July 5, 7.30 p.m. "Arena Theatre in America," by William Schallert. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open to non-mems.

UNIVERSALIST Service. Sunday, July 5, 3.15 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse: Rev. G. P. T. Paget King. "Members One of Another." P.P.U. Religion Commission.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ANNUAL Reception of "Americans for Democratic Action," org. by Central London Fabian Society, Wed., July 8, 7.30 p.m., at Hall of the Institute of Journalists, 2 Tudor St., E.C.4. Subject: "The World Situation and Crisis in Anglo-American Affairs." Spkr. The Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P. Adm. 3s. 6d. (inc. refreshments).

ANDREW Rothstein on "Britain Needs Trade with Russia." Small Town Hall, Hammersmith, W.6. Fri., July 10, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. Hammersmith B.S.F.S.

"THE Next Step in Democracy" led by Harold (Domain of Ideologies) Walsby, July 24-26 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 11, at 6 p.m., Monsieur Jean Driant: Chansons françaises.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. July 5, "The Aim of Evolution." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 5. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Future of Ethics." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Fri., Jul. 3. 7.15 Miss E. Burchett, "Why we women want emancipation."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10; (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, July 9: "Influence of Indian Thought." All welcome. "Vedanta for East and West," bi-monthly. 15s. annually.

BUDDHIST Society, 16, Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lecture, Wed. July 8, 6.30 p.m. "The Practice of Right Attention." Mrs. Adelaide Gardner.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNDERDEVELOPED Areas—Study Seminar, July 13-18. Lectures on Present Projects and Future Plans by field workers. Speakers include Jim Griffiths, E. A. Rowse. Apply National Assocn. of Labour Student Organisations, 8 Gayfere Street, S.W.1.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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